THE 1933

GEN

ALLEN COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1833 01872 2949

GC
977.502
M26WHS,
1933

WISCONSIN

Ex - Libris

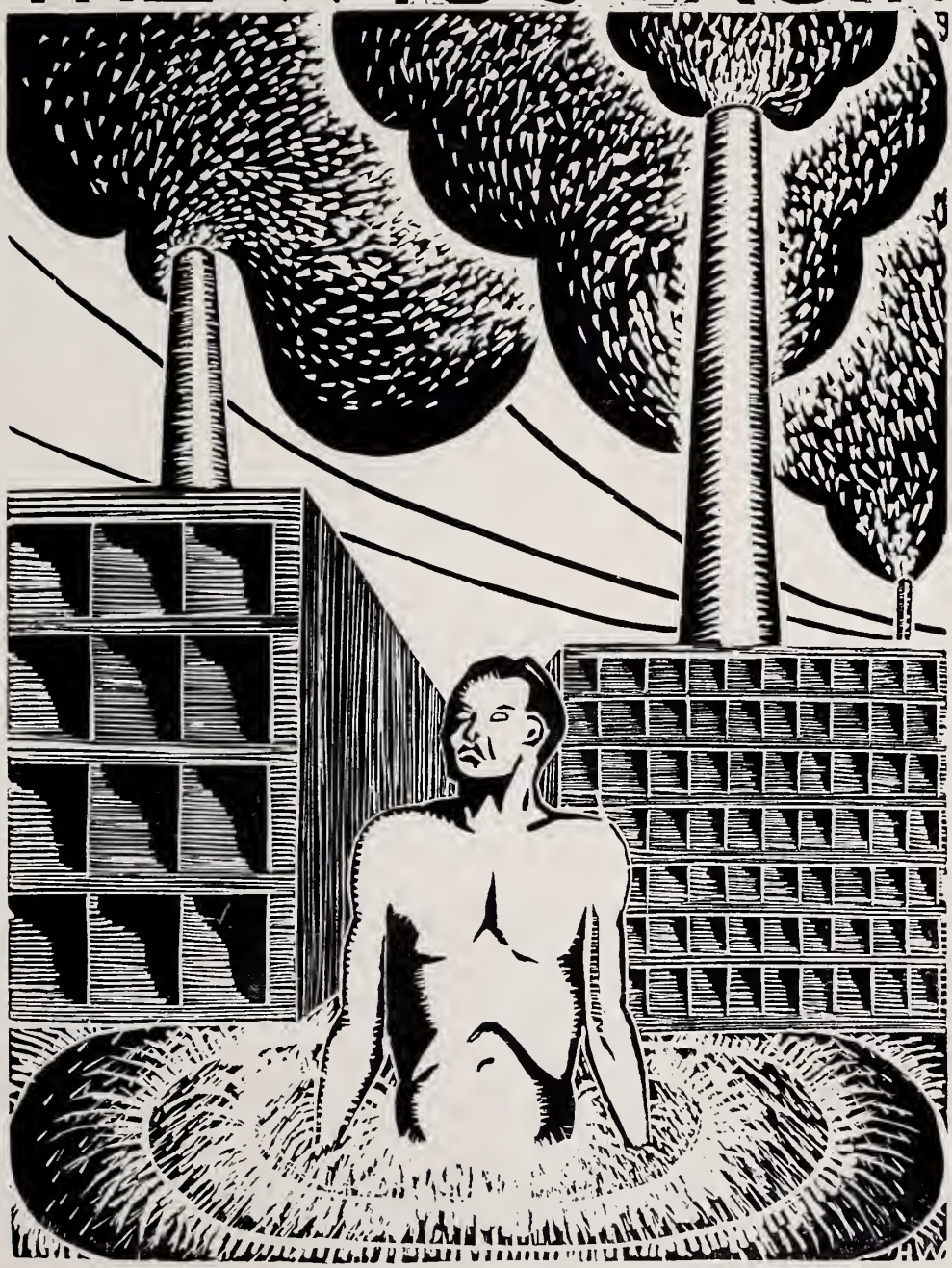
« « 1 9 3 3 » »

HENRY WHITAKER
Editor - in - Chief

HUGH O'MALLEY
Business Manager

WISCONSIN

THE WISCONSIN



1933

EXPLANATION

WE ARE continually being reminded of the effects of the present world-wide financial depression, either through our own experiences or through hearing of the plight of some of our fellow-citizens. « The knowledge of the situations it has produced has made the depression a very imminent and unforgettable part of all our lives. « « The art work of this annual is not meant to be another reminder of this undesirable state of economic affairs, but rather to symbolize the part that the machine has played in creating the situation. « Man has become a slave, shackled to the thing which he created to give himself freedom.

FOREWORD

THE "Annual", a traditional yearly achievement of the Wisconsin High School, is a record of the doings and accomplishments of the school community during the current year. « It represents the culmination of four years spent in gaining knowledge both in book-learning and in the field of life. « To those of us who have played a part in the drama of this school year, the "Annual" will be a constant reminder of those days which are forever behind in which we experienced tragedy and comedy, failure and success.

MR. H. H. RYAN

Administration

The Faculty

THE FACULTY MEETS THE DEPRESSION

MR. RYAN: Faculty, we are facing severe and painful salary cuts which in turn, will develop our vocational interests. The present depression and approaching summer are offering us rare opportunities for expressing ourselves. In fact, I have already made arrangements with The Great Administration in Washington. We have been given permission to caravan to the Rockies where we may participate in The Gold Rush or in the Roosevelt Reforestation Project at a dollar a day! It seems to me we are peculiarly fortunate as a group to be able to turn our attention to new fields in vocation, yes, Gold Fields. What is the disposition of this exceptional faculty?

MR. SKEWES: If I get your meaning, Mr. Ryan, I suggest that we as prospectors take advantage of this field trip. I will go for fossils and develop some further material on chemical reactions in general. Ira, couldn't you expand even further on your coefficients of linear expansion?

MR. DAVIS: I want to know what this is all about. Where are we going?

MR. RYAN: Our greatest opportunities lie in the vast resource of Arizona, according to the Secretary of the Interior.

MISS L. JOHNSON: I move that we make a unanimous decision to enter this Gold Field project. There is no carry over in French, but I shall be glad to take my bicycle. Jean, wouldn't you like to join me and enrich your teaching for The Good Companions?

MRS. PFEIFFER: I am intensely interested in cirques and climatic influences. I regret that I cannot have my geography class with me every day.

MR. POOLEY: I should like to add here that I would enjoy writing a book on The Rockies in Literature. What a field!

MISS LATHROP: Yes, Mr. Pooley. I have conceived upon a splendid idea. The Rockies as a place for study. Mesas and table lands should give ideal materials.

MRS. VOSS: I very much fear that I would lose my interest in prospecting

unless I could devote myself to geodesics and mountain figures. Aren't they fascinating?

Mr. Phillips: We will need a little of the gentler beauty. I am trying to cultivate a new pansy. Kivlin, here, has promised to give me his valued assistance in plant culture.

Miss Weber: This caravan will need to be taught careful health methods. Will they get their vegetables?

Miss Henderson: I'm afraid we'll need to restrain their appetities. Prospecting and vocationalizing will demand huge food supplies.

Mr. Rippe: We will need a new policy for athletics. I'll help keep the boys in good condition so far as exercise and sunburn go. I'll be glad to help Miss Henderson and Miss Boggs.

Miss Boggs: Thank you. You see, I can appreciate this because I am going back to Missouri.

Miss Carter: And I'll be concentrating in Chicago. One can always find civic problems there.

Miss Borchers: People, I say, this is a grand field for debate. Resolved: One needs plenty of sand and a broad horizon to enjoy the gold fields.

Mr. Lees: Shouldn't we enter this in the spirit of play? I want to say that since both Miss Guyles and Miss Weightman sponsored the admirable Sophomore Shuffle, they will be ideal people to evolve Faculty Features for this caravan. We need recreation.

Miss Omen: Yes, and every evening we might have singing and circle games. I have many new ideas especially since our field will be so large.

Mrs. Rector: An ideal place for music of the winds and pines. I can write an operetta for next year's performance at Wisconsin High.

Mr. Stam: Yes, this is good. We ought to bring back rhythm and tone, and percussion. Then we'd forget this depression.

Mr. Hartung: I'm reminded of the unknown quantity of achievement ideas, not words for me!

Miss R. Johnson: Wouldn't all this lend itself to some new and fruit-bearing home room issues? I shall keep a diary for that purpose.

Mr. Claxton: Mine for the new art series done in colors and sunlight. What a rare opportunity!

Sallie: If I stay out there, do you think I could be convicted of Grand Larceny? I think we'd like Arizona.

Miss Jensen: No, I wouldn't. Aren't people different? I should like to take all this good vocational experience and go to Europe.

Mrs. Burr: Go where you will, good people. Don't forget to make arrangements to have this caravan come back to Madison where my friends will be waiting.

Mr. Hinderman: I will submit data and graphs of this whole performance once a week. We must be guided by figures and reports.

Mr. Ryan: Good work. Remember, Monday morning, June 10 at five o'clock at the west entrance of Wisconsin High School, the caravan will be waiting to load you on.

Classes

ANDERSON, ALBERT U. *"Al"*

Regent Scholarship 4; Debating Club 4, 3; Speech Class Plays 3; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3.

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

ANDERSON, DAVID ELMER *"Andy"*

Entered from Central High School 2; Class Baseball 2, 1; Class Basketball 2, 1; Football 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

ANDERSON, JOHN EUGENE *"Andy"*

Class Vice Pres. 2; Prom Committee 2; Regent Scholarship; Mech. Drawing 3; Football "W", 3, 2, 1; Track "W", 4, 3, 2, 1; Track Capt. 2; Hockey 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

BALDWIN, NANCY ANN

Entered from Princess Issena School 2; Girls' Glee Club 1; Triaconta 2, 1; Speech Class Play 2; "Mikado".

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

BRADLEY, DAVID JOHN *"Dave"*

Regent Scholarships; Algebra 4; Biology 4; History 2; Annual Staff 1; Track 2, 1 Hockey 4, 2, 1; Swimming 4, 2, 1; Debating Club, 4, 1; Boys' Glee Club 1; Speech Class Play 4; Red Domino 1; Tennis 4, 2, 1; "Mikado".

DARTMOUTH

BRIDGMAN, HELEN MARIAN *"Mibs"*

Annual Staff 2; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; G. A. A. 2; Girl Student Club 3, 2; Girls' Glee Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Secretary 1; Triaconta 3, Sec. 2, Pres. 1; Speech Class Plays 3, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

BROWN, RALPH GORDON *"Sliver"*

Class Basketball 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 3, 2, 1; Speech Class Play 3.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

BUCKMAN, BARBARA *"Bobbe"*

Girl Student Club 1; Girls' Glee Club 1; Speech Class Plays 1; Thalia 1; Seven Keys to Baltpate; Entered from Central High 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

CHADA, MELVIN JOSEPH *"Joe"*

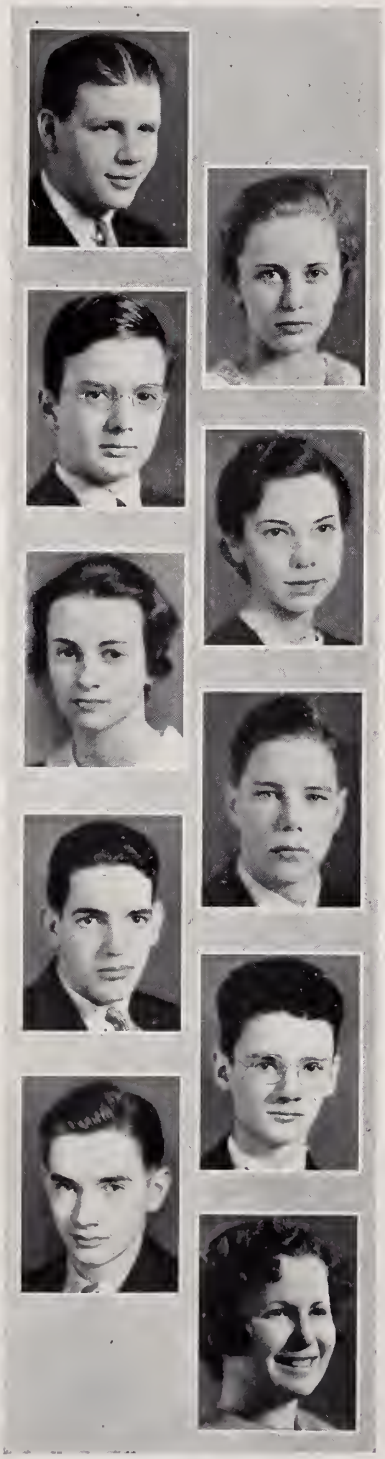
Football 3, 2, 1; Track 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 3, 2, 1; Speech Class Plays 1; Seven Keys to Baldpate.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

CHAMBERS, MARY ELIZABETH *"Beth"*

Senior Class Play 1; Class Basketball 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 3, 2, 1; Girl Student Club 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 4; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Speech Class Plays 3.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN



CHRISTIANSON, EDWARD GEORGE *"Bo-Peep"*

Annual Staff 1; Football "W" 2, 1; Basketball "W", 2, 1; Track "W", 2, 1, Capt. 1; Hi-Y 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 3, 2, 1, President 1; Class Basketball 4, 3; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

CLARK, REBECCA FRANCES *"Becky"*

Class Basketball 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

CLARK, ARNOLD FRANKLIN *"Arnie"*

Orchestra 2, 1; Regent Scholarships, Plane Geometry 3, Music 2.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

CUCCIA, GROVANA V. *"Jennie"*

Entered from West High 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FOX, ELIZABETH FRANKLIN *"Uns"*

Senior Class Play 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2; Philomathia 4, 3; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Triaeonta 2, 1, Secretary 1; One Act Plays 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FULLER, JAMES GORDON *"Gordy"*

Student Council 4, 3, 2, Pres. 1; Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 2, 1; Committee of 18, 3, 2; Football "W", 1; Basketball "W" 1; Swimming 4, 3; Hi-Y 1; Class 1; Basketball "W" 1; Swimming 4, 3; Hi-Y 1; Chess 4, 3.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

FUSS, PAUL FREDERICK *"Fusso"*

Football 2, 1; Class Basketball 2, 1; Class Baseball; Entered from West High.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

GILLEN, HUGH CHISHOLM *"Hughie"*

Class Basketball 3, 1; Class Baseball 3, 2; School Play 2.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

GRAUL, MERLIN EDWARD *"Bud"*

Class Basketball 4, 3; Boys' Glee Club 1; Minstrel Show.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

GREBLER, VIVIAN BILLIE *"Billie"*

G. A. A. 3; Girl Student Club 3; Entered from Erasmus Hall High.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

GRINDE, JULIAN L.

Prom Committee 2; Hi-Y 2, 1; Basketball 2, 1, "W" 2, 1; Golf 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

HALPIN, ROBERT BLAKE *"Bob"*

Class Secretary 2; Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 3; Debating Club 4, 3; Speech Class Plays 4, 3; "She Stoops to Conquer."

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

HUNZICKER, WAYNE THOMPSON *"Hunz"*

Football 4, 3, 2, 1; Basketball "W", 2, 1; Track 3; Class Basketball 4; Class Baseball 4, 3; Hi-Y 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 2, 1; Speech Class Plays 3.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

JAMES, KATHERINE VENTURA *"Jimmie"*

G. A. A. 3, 2; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1; President 1; Orchestra 3, 2, 1; Triaconta 2, 1; Forensics 3, 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

JALLINGS, CHARLES WEYMOUTH

Track 1; Hockey 1; Class Basketball 1; Class Baseball 1; Entered from Cornell High 2.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

JIRTLE, JUNE HARRIET *"Junie"*

Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Vice Pres. G. A. A. 2; Philomathia 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 2; Girls' Glee Club 2, 1; Student Council 1, Secretary 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

JOHNSON, ROBERT ALBERT *"Bob"*

Class Vice Pres. 1; Football "W", 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 3, 2, 1; Class Baseball 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y 3, 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

JUDAY, MARY *"Mary"*

Regent Scholarship, Algebra 4; Committee of 18, 2; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2; G. A. A. 4, 3, 2 1; Pres. 1; "W" 2; Girl Student Club 1; Orchestra 4; Thalia 4, 3, Secretary-Treasurer 3.

MOUNT HOLYOKE

JULIAN, JAMES

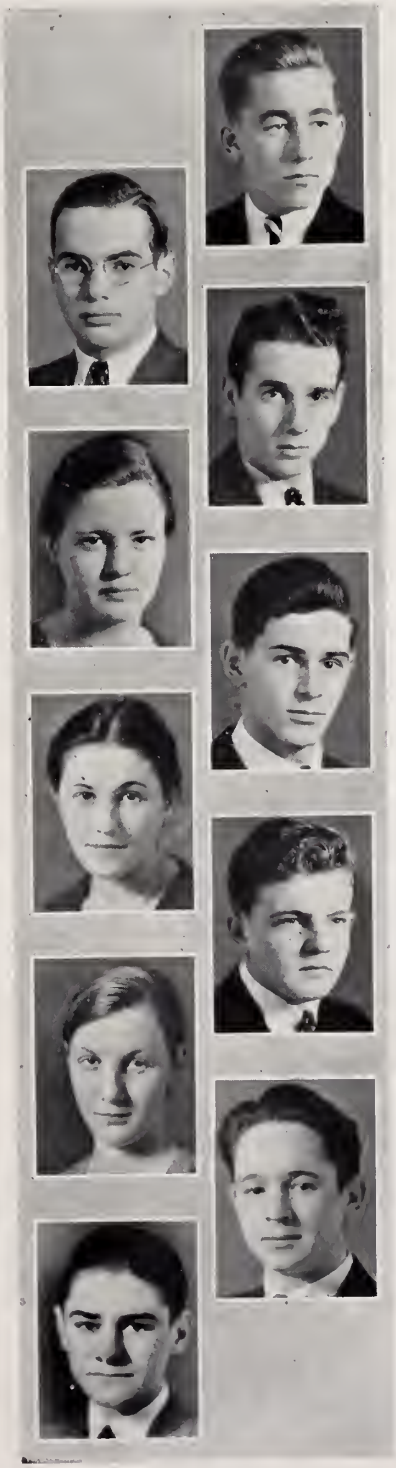
Class Treasurer 3; Committee of 18, 3, 2; Swimming 3, 2, 1; Captain 1; "W" 2, 1; Chess Club 3, President 3; Speech Class Plays 3; Red Domino 3, 2, 1, President 1; Football 1.

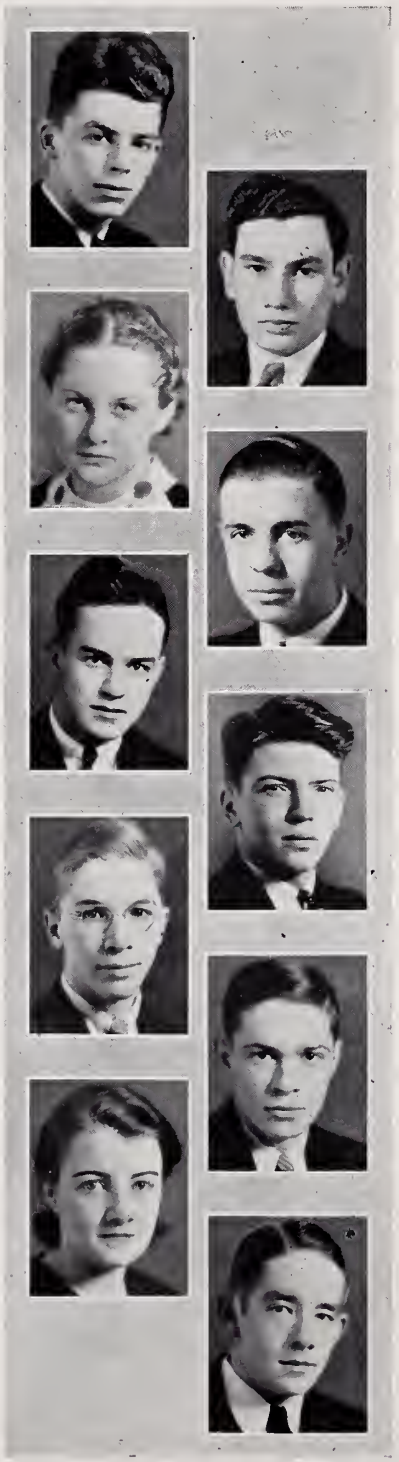
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

KAESER, GEORGE ARNOLD *"Bud"*

Class Pres. 3; Class Treasurer 2; Annual Staff 1; Committee of 18, 2; Class Basketball 4; Hi-Y 3, 2, 1, Secretary-Treasurer 1; Boys' Glee Club 4.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN





MILWARD, DAVID MANOT *"Davey"*

Class Vice Pres. 3; Football "W", 3, 2, 1; Basketball "W" 2, 1; Track "W" 3; Golf 2, 1; Prom King 2; Class Baseball 4; Hi-Y 3, 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Speech Class Plays 4; "Pinafore", "Mikado".

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

LEVY, HERBERT S. *"Herb"*

Entered from Boys' High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Chess Club 3; Speech Class Plays 3; Senior Class Play; Seven Keys to Baldpate.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

MINER, KATHERINE ELIZABETH *"Kay"*

Prom Queen 2; Annual Staff 2, 1; Adv. Mgr. 2; Committe of 18, 2; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Triaconta 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 1; Speech Class Plays 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

MORRISON, GERALD EVERETT *"Jerry"*

Football 1; "W" 1; Basketball 2, 1; "W" 2; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3.

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

NELSON, JAMES JACOB *"Jay"*

Entered from West High 1; Speech Class Plays 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

O'MALLEY, HUGH O'NEIL *"Nick"*

Annual Staff, 3, 2, 1; Business Manager 1; Circulation Mgr. 2; Committee of 18, 2, 1; Football Squad 2, 1; "W" 1; Track 2, 1; "W" 2, 1; Hockey 3, 2, 1; Swimming 2; "W" 2; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 1; Speech Class Plays 3; Red Domino 2, 1.

NOTRE DAME

READ, GEORGE SULLIVAN *"Sol"*

Student Council 3; Regent Scholarship, English 2; Debating Club 2. 1, Sec. 1; Boys' Glee Club 3; Speech Class Plays 3; Red Domino 4, 3, 2, 1, President 1; Seven Keys to Baldpate.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

REINSCH, PAUL JOHN *"Arch"*

Chess Club 3; Swimming 2, 1; "W" 1; Senior Class Play; Speech Class Plays; Class Basketball 3, 1; Seven Keys to Baldpate.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

RILEY, BETTY

Class Basketball 4, 3, 2; Class Baseball 3; G. A. A. 3, 2; Girl Student Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 3, 2, 1; Treasurer 1; President 1; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

ROSIEN, PHILIP GERALD *"Phil"*

Basketball Manager 1; Track 2; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1.

STOUT INSTITUTE

ROWLEY, ALDEN C. *"Aldy"*

Debating Club 4; Football 4, 1, "W" 1, Manager 2, 3; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 1; Speech Class Plays 3.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

RUTTENBERG, DERALD CARL *"Putt"*

Annual Staff 1; Committee of 18, 2; Debating Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Treasurer 2, President 1; Red Domino 3, 2, 1; Speech Class Plays 3, 1; Oratory 4, 3, 2, 1; Seven Keys to Baldpate.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

SALTER, REGINALD R. *"Reg"*

Track Manager 2; Class Basketball 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 2, 1; Speech Class Play 3.

SMITH, ELEANOR GLOIANI *"Elle"*

Senior Class Play 1; Prom Committee 2; Regent Scholarship, History; Annual Staff 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2; Girls' Glee Club 1; Triaconta 1; Speech Class Play 4, 3; Thalia 4, 3; Salutatorian 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

SMITH, PATRICIA JANE *"Pat"*

Girls' Swimming 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; G. A. A. 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 4, 3, 2, 1; Girls' Glee Club 3, 2; Speech Class Play 4; Girls' Tennis 3, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

STAFFORD, WILLARD STRAIGHT *"Bill"*

Class Treasurer 3, 1; Class Secretary 4; Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 3, 2, 1; Committee of 18, 3, 2; Basketball 2; Hockey 3, 2; Swimming 3; Hi-Y 3, 2, 1; President 1; Debating Club 4, 3, 2, 1, Vice Pres. 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 3, 2; Red Domino 4, 3, 2 1; Tennis 4, 3, 2, 1, Capt. 2.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TEAGUE, GORDON LEROY *"Gordy"*

Class Basketball 3, 2; Class Baseball 4, 3; Boys' Glee Club 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TERWILLIGER, REGINALD JAMES *"Reg"*

Football 1; "W" 1; Basketball 1; "W" 1; Entered from Oregon High 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TOELLNER, RICHARD E. *"Dick"*

Entered from Central High 1; Football "W", 1; Class Baseball 1; Boys' Glee Club 1; "Mikado".

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TOMPKINS, JOHN FREDERICK *"Johnnie"*

Senior Class Play; Annual Staff 1; Football Mgr. 2, 1; Track 2; Class Basketball 2, 1; Class Baseball 2, 1; Boys' Gee Club 1; Entered from Watertown, South Dakota 2.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

TRUAX, DONALD THOMPSON *"Don"*

Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 3; Committee of 18, 3, 2, Chairman 2; Football "W", 2, 1; Basketball "W", 2, 1; Golf 3, 2, 1, Capt. 1; Swimming 4, 3, 2; Hi-Y 3, 2, 1; Boys' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Speech Class Plays 4.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

VAUGHAN, JAMES SAMPSON *"Jim"*

Annual Staff 1; Debating Club 4, 3, 2, 1; Red Knights 2, 1; Swimming 4, 2, 1; Glee Club 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WARDLE, JACK WESLY *"Puck"*

Prom Committee 2; Football 1, "W" 1; Basketball 1, "W" 1; Class Basehall 4, 3, 2, 1; Class Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WARDLE, FRANCES MARY *"Fran"*

Class Basketball 4, 3, 2; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Philomathia 3, 2, 1, Pres. 1; Girls' Glee Club 1; Speech Class Plays 2; School Play 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WHITAKER, HENRY CHARLES *"Whit"*

Class Pres. 4; Prom Committee 2; Annual Staff 4, 2, 1; Editor 1; Valedictorian 1; Committee of 18, 3, 2; Football 3, 2, 1, "W" 2, 1; Basketball 4, 3, 2, 1, "W" 3, 2, 1; Track 3, 2, 1, "W" 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y 3, 2, 1; Vice President 1; Glee Club 2, 1; Scholastic Honor Pin 2; Regents Scholarship 4, 2.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WHITE, CHARLES HENRY *"Chuck"*

Class Pres. 2; Prom Committee 2; Football "W", 3, 2, 1, Capt. 1; Swimming 3; Class Basketball 4, 3; Class Baseball 4, 3, 2, 1; Hi-Y 3, 2, 1; Orchestra 4, 3; Speech Class Plays 4, 3; School Play 4.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WILKE, JAMES MACLEAN *"Mac"*

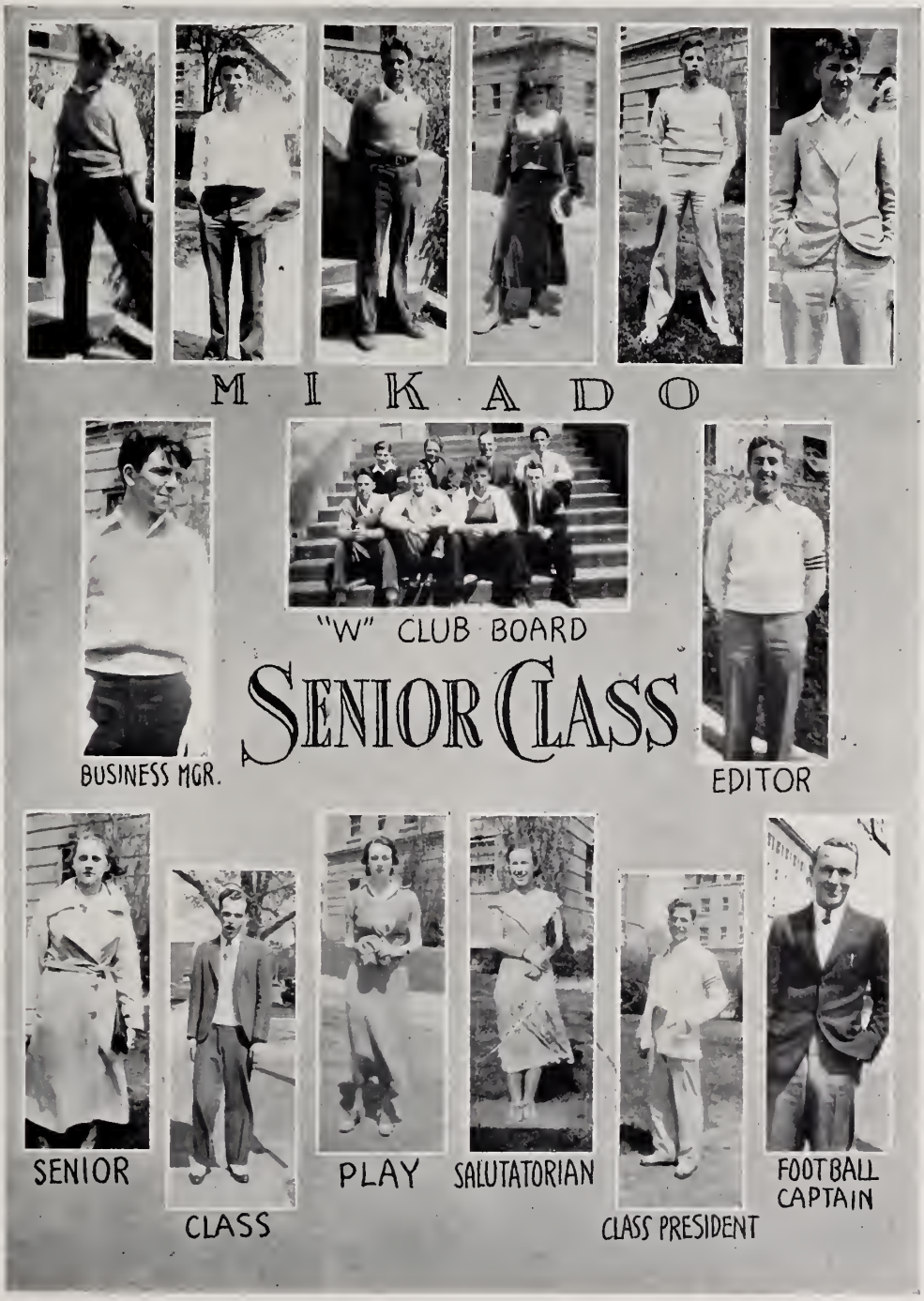
Class Pres. 1; Senior Class Play; Annual Staff 1; Committee of 18, 2; Football "W", 3, 2, 1; Hockey 2, 1; Hi-Y 2, 1; Chess Club 3, 2; Debating Club 1; Boys' Glee Club 3, 2, 1; Red Domino 2, 1, Treasurer 1; School Play 1; Red Knights 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN

WOLFF, ANDREA MARY

Reentered from West High 2; Class Basketball 2, 1; Class Baseball 4, 2; Girl Student Club 4, 2, 1; Girls' Glee Club 2, 1; Girls' Tennis 2, 1.

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN


M I K A D O
"W" CLUB BOARD
SENIOR CLASS
BUSINESS MGR.
EDITOR
SENIOR CLASS
PLAY
SALUTATORIAN
CLASS PRESIDENT
FOOTBALL CAPTAIN

Junior Class

OFFICERS

President	Horace Wilkie
Vice President	Duncan Marsh
Treasurer	Fordyce Brown
Secretary	Hallie Lou Whitefield

The main purpose of the Junior Class was to produce an outstanding prom both financially and socially. With Art Petersen and Jean Mathews as our king and queen, we certainly fulfilled our ambitions, especially financially.

However we were not limited to one achievement. We were very well represented in athletics of all kinds having several regulars on both the basketball and football teams.

Also, we were active dramatically as the all school play, the "Mikado" and the one-act plays, invariably had Juniors throughout their casts and most often playing important roles.

Forensics attracted its quota of Juniors, too, where they ranked very high.

However, do not get the impression that outside activities are the only things the Juniors are proficient in as we have attained a high standard in regard to scholastic worth. Two people who deserve a great deal of credit for encouraging us and helping us at the right times are Miss Springhorn and Miss Omen, our advisers.

They are the type of advisers every class longs for and needs, but seldom obtains. To celebrate our grand success of the Prom, they gave a party for the whole class in the Round Table Room of the Union, which was appreciated by all. It is our sincere hope that we are as much a credit to them as they are to us.

Sophomore Class

OFFICERS

President	Stewart Edgerton
Vice President	Henry Hackbarth
Secretary	Caryl Bridgman
Treasurer	Betty Hunt

The Sophomore class has progressed rapidly under the leadership of Miss Weightman and Miss Guyles, its advisers. It launched one of the biggest social events of the year, "The Sophomore Shuffle," which turned out to be a huge success.

At the beginning of the year much interest was aroused in the election of the class officers. It was decided that the president would also be the leader of the Sophomore Shuffle.

Last year as Freshmen, some of the boys started a Freshman and Sophomore boys club called "Blue Arrow." It has been carried on this year and with Mr. Hartung as sponsor, the boys have received much educational benefit as well as lots of fun. They have given two parties this year and we hope that the club will be carried on and be as successful as it has been since its start.

The class has been well represented in all athletics, including football, basketball, track and swimming. We expect to have many stars on the athletic teams in the next two years.

Practically all of our Sophomores entered into the Forensic contests and many of them carried off high honors, although none of them have as yet won a first place. Also many members of our class have entered into dramatics, having taken parts in the all school play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," several of the one act plays, and also the operetta, "Mikado."

The Freshman Class

OFFICERS

President	Joe Mergen
Vice-President	Nancy Cady
Treasurer	Robert Morse
Secretary	Kathleen Kilgore

This earnest looking group is the 1933 Freshman Class. They came from all parts of the City and adjoining suburbs. In the eyes of upper classmen the Freshmen are of very little importance, but to those of the lower grades they rate high.

Coming to High School from the grades is an experience not soon forgotten. The confusion of getting started in a strange school, new teachers, assignments in unfamiliar studies, new activities and clubs, mingling with older students, all add to the bewilderment. This is overcome in time and we battle on and keep our courage up for we know that we'll be Sophomores soon and other Freshmen will have to follow the same rough path.

No matter what the "old timers" say, this class has a few accomplishments to its credit. Many members of the class have musical talent. Eleven are members of the orchestra which accompanies plays and programs given by the school. Freshmen belong to the dramatic, the service, and the debating clubs. Several took part in one of the first acts of the Christmas play and in plays given in the assembly. In the operetta given by the school, a Freshman took the leading feminine role. Many are members of prominent school clubs which took part in the various "Vodvil acts." There are also a large number of the class interested in athletics.

As a class we have made good grades and many are on the honor roll. Now that we have a good start, just watch us as Sophomores.

Eighth Grade

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Gordon Marlow	President	Philip Desch
William Jones	Vice-President	Esther Marsh
Junior Strong	Secretary	Clare Schwarztrauber

The Eighth Grade has gained and lost, in the last year, many pupils. The ones we lost are Edwin Thistlethwaite, Betty Burbach, and Nona Bushnick. The new pupils are Jean Colb, Margaret Rehling, Gordon Marlow, Robert Sheldon, Robert Johnson, Wilma Morris, and Ruth Chesemore. In the middle of the year the Student Council decided to have school rings and pins, but left the seventh and eighth grades out. The class didn't like this and had a debate about why we should have rings. The affirmative won, and the Student Council representative, taking it to the Student Council, got the rings and pins.

Last year we had Mr. Skewes, and this year we have Mr. Davis for Science. In March we gave an exhibit on electricity for Science. It was a very good exhibit attended by one hundred people and was highly commended.

There was some talk about having parties for the seventh and eighth graders. When Mr. Ryan was asked, he said that we could have them if we arranged our plans. However, no plans were made, so the parties did not materialize. We hope our class will be just as good next year as it has been this.

Seventh Grade

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Mary Jane Marks	President	McLean Greeley
Helen Hopkins	Vice-President	Charles Hanson
Charles Hanson	Secretary	Patty Slidell
Barbara Anderson	Treasurer	Junior Pekel

Seven different schools claimed us last year, but this year Wisconsin High has become the one school for us. We in turn, are a definite part of Wisconsin High School. At every marking period we have been represented on the honor roll by at least one and sometimes as many as four of our number. We have done many other things in addition to studying. The boys had a basketball team, and the girls had speed ball teams. Mary Jane Marks and Patty Slidell belong to the girls swimming club and quite a few of the others belong to the Girl Scouts. In our remaining years at Wisconsin High we expect to play an important part in extra curricular activities.

At Christmas Time our class took two baskets of food and toys to a poor family. The committee that took them consisted of Guinevere Pekel, Tim Harrington and Mary Belle Wilkie. They went with Mr. Skewes in his car.

At the beginning of the second semester, two new people entered, Roland Lando and Cornelia Rogers.

On March 16th, Mr. Skewes took our class on a hike to Sunset Point. On the way out, the class tried to identify birds as a means of recreation. When we arrived there, we roasted wieners and marshmallows over a camp fire. We played games and had a good time generally. At least one more outing of the class will be held before the end of the year.

Activities

. . . Organizations

INTERMINABLE THREE

CALL ME UP SOMETIME

GRAFTERS?

ROSE BETWEEN TWO THORNS

GLENN FRANK JR. RETURNS TO W.H.S.

IT'S ALIVE

NICE BABY

DONT SHOOT

SCORNFUL

CAUGHT!

Annual Staff

EDITORIAL STAFF

Henry Whitaker — Editor-in-Chief
Hallie Lou Whitefield — Activity Ed.
Mac Wilkie — Library Editor
Ed Christianson — Athletic Editor
John Tomkins — Satire Editor
Willard Stafford — Senior Class Editor
Dave Bradley — Art Editor
Derald Ruttenberg — Snapshots Editor

Assistants

Gordon Fuller — Athletics
Don Truax — Senior Class
Jean Mathews — Art Staff
Ruth Lowman — Art Staff
Baptiste Capitani — Art Staff
Mary Jane Joachim — Art Staff
June Jirtle — Art Staff
James Vaughan — Snapshots

Mr. Pooley, Mr. Claxton, Advisers

BUSINESS STAFF

Hugh O'Malley — Business Manager
Jean Mathews — Publicity Manager
James Vaughn — Picture Tax Manager

Solicitors

John Anderson — Senior Class
Kay Miner — Senior Class
Elinor Smith — Senior Class
Barbara Smith — Junior Class
Glenn Frank, Jr. — Junior Class
Gail Brodhead — Sophomore Class
Heber Ryan, Jr. — Sophomore Class
Jack Wilkie — Freshman Class
Uta Hagen — Freshman Class
Calvin Royston — Eighth Grade
Mary Belle Wilkie — Seventh Grade

Mr. Phillips, Adviser

Hi-Y

We, the members of Hi-Y, feel that we have spent a very successful year. At the outset, a committee composed of the officers and headed by the Vice President, Henry Whitaker, met and drew up a program for the year. This was approved by the club and was followed as closely as possible, with few changes, throughout the year.

We convened every Tuesday night for a supper meeting at the Y. M. C. A. The many meetings of the year were consumed in business meetings, educational and entertaining speakers, recreational periods (swimming in the tank, ping pong, shuffle board, etc.), and also two shows were attended by the club en masse during the general run of meetings.

We had two parties during the year; one each semester. The first was held at Willard Stafford's home and the second was at Glenn Frank, Jr.'s home. The latter was very nice in that it was enjoyed by many more people, our club having risen in numbers since the first party. However, we pride ourselves on both of our parties this year since they were really imperial entertainment.

We held our traditional Mother's Banquet at the end of the year at which every member was the escort of his mother. This was coupled with a very interesting program and the year quit with a bang with this banquet.

OFFICERS

President	Willard Stafford
Vice President	Henry Whitaker
Secretary-Treasurer	George Kaeser

Red Domino

Red Domino, in accordance with its purpose, has attempted to further dramatics in Wisconsin High School. The activities of the club during the past year have included the sponsoring of all-school play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate"; the production of one skit in the vaudeville, and the responsibility for backstage work for the "Mikado." Some of the members have played parts in school productions during the past year. To these members all the success of the club is due.

Under the supervision of Mr. Claxton, we were able to do many things which otherwise would have been impossible. His knowledge of dramatic work, coupled with his artistic ability helped us to make our work in the producing of the "Mikado" a success.

We hope to be able to form at the outset next year a group that will make its presence felt in the activities of the dramatic world in Wisconsin High School.

Red Domino plans during the next year, to renovate the stage in the assembly and to continue awarding its honor pin to the person who has done the most for dramatics in the school during the past year.

OFFICERS

President, First semester	George Read
President, Second semester	James Julian
Secretary-Treasurer	Mac Wilkie
Adviser	Mr. Claxton

Blue Arrow

The Blue Arrow Club is for Freshmen and Sophomore boys. This club was started in late Spring of 1932 by a group of Freshmen. There were no clubs for them and it was thought that it would be good to have such a one.

It took a while for the club to get rounded into shape, but now it is running very successfully under the direction of our adviser, Mr. Hartung. The club has planned its meetings, which are every other Thursday, so that it will have many different types of programs throughout the year. The members have gone to movies and are planning to have a meeting at the end of the year when they will play baseball and hold a track meet.

The club has had several speakers at their meetings who have talked to them on educational and entertaining experiences. Throughout the year different members of the club have given speeches at the meetings on trips and other interesting subjects.

Blue Arrow along with the other clubs, helped the debating club by putting on the school vaudeville. It held its first party during the Christmas vacation. The final party of the year is to be held in the last part of May.

Although fifteen of the twenty-five members leave the club this year, because they are now Sophomores, next year's Blue Arrow club promises to carry on fully as well as it has done during the past year.

OFFICERS

President	Rodney Stebbins
Vice-President	Bud Truax
Secretary	Stewart Edgerton
Treasurer	Bill Lorenz

Philomathia

Under the able guidance of our adviser, Miss Esther Weightman, Philomathia has spent a happy and successful year. To start out our year, after we secured our new members, we gave a tea for the parents of all Wisconsin High School students so that they might meet our faculty members. About two hundred parents were able to attend, an unusual number. We are now planning another tea, which we hope will be as successful.

In October we gave a party, at the home of one of the members for Philomathia girls and their escorts.

We had an alumni meeting in December which was attended by Miss Weber, the former adviser and founder of the club, and former members. Miss Weber told us the history of the organization.

We took care of the lost and found articles during the semester. At the close of the semester we had a sale of all unclaimed articles. Then we formed a new system which has proven more successful.

We have kept a scrap book of newspaper clippings about Wisconsin High's activities outside of athletics.

We were also represented in the vaudeville and won third place with our cross section of life in the lower hall of Wisconsin High. We are proud of this, since some thirteen organizations competed.

True to tradition, we sponsored the Senior Baby Picture contest, which produced some interesting, amusing and highly revealing results.

We are planning to close our year with a farewell party for our seniors as we did last year.

OFFICERS

First Semester		*Second Semester*
Frances Wardle	President	Betty Riley
Rebecca Clark	Vice President	Barbara Waters
Mary North	Secretary	Helen Julian
Betty Riley	Treasurer	Hallie Lou Whitefield

Thalia

This year has been an especially active year for Thalia Dramatic Club. Although Thalia lost many of her members through graduation last June she has a number of new members who fill their places well.

For her part in the Christmas program, Thalia secured the choir robes for the Glee Club as well as having many members of the club take part in the singing.

In January, Thalia was again well represented at the Tri-Dramatic Club Banquet which is held annually at the Memorial Union. The idea of the joint meeting was originated by Thalia and at the meeting each club presents a short play.

There were two acts presented by Thalia in the School Vaudeville, which were both coached ably by Miss Johnson who is the sponsor of Thalia.

As in previous years, the spring operetta is being sponsored by Thalia who will be aided by Red Domino and Triaconta.

We had a great deal of enjoyment in our activities of the year and we are very glad to have been able to participate in so many things. If our season has not been a success, then success must be an almost unattainable something, which we never have or never will realize. We were glad to have Miss Johnson to advise us and we hope that she enjoyed working with us even half as much as we enjoyed her help because she would, even at that, have spent a worth while year with us.

OFFICERS

President	Barbara Smith
Vice President	Marjorie Tredennick
Secretary-Treasurer	Janet Loevenhart

Triaconta

Triaconta planned to give a three act play this spring but unfortunately it had to be postponed till next year because of too many other activities.

We had charge of all the properties for the Christmas play and we are also handling the publicity for the "Mikado."

In January a joint meeting of the three dramatic clubs of the school was held at the Memorial Union at which Triaconta presented "Two Crooks and a Lady."

The traditional tea for the mothers was given in May at Miss Hoard's home. At this tea several plays were given which were original with the Triaconta members. Marian Bridgman, our president, also relinquished her post to Isabell Rolofson, the newly elected president for next year, at this meeting.

As usual more than half of the success and pleasure of this year's work was due to the interested leadership of our adviser, Miss Hoard. She led us in all our activities so that we made a success of our school year. Her ability in dramatic direction along with her knowledge of girl's club work, made it an ever-increasing pleasure to have her as our club adviser.

We hope that the next year's organization will have as much fun and as fine an educational program as we had this year.

OFFICERS

President	Marian Bridgman
Vice President	Kay Miner
Secretary	Elizabeth Fox
Treasurer	Gail Brodhead

Girls' Athletic Association

The purpose of the G. A. A. is to promote athletics and intramural activities in the girl student body, and to provide a club for all girls interested in athletics.

At the beginning of the year the G. A. A. had its usual hard times party. Refreshments were served and prizes were given to the persons having the two best costumes. An election of officers followed. The following were elected: Mary Juday, President; Dorothy Nohr, Secretary and Treasurer.

We have enlarged upon our point system. Now points are given for a letter or chevron. The points may be earned by participating on the various class teams and in swimming, both by passing tests and by being placed in a swimming event, or in many other outside activities. Points are also given for keeping up health rules because good health comes before physical powers. The persons who have earned W's in the past two years are: Mary Juday, Dorothy Nohr, Inge Bruns, Ruth Mary Dudley, Jean Ryan, Mary Jane Marks, and Betty Hunter.

In the city swimming meet the Wisconsin High School girls that placed in an event are as follows: Mary Jane Marks, first in dash, free style; Dorothy Nohr, second in dash, free style; Kathleen McKillan, tied for first place in diving.

Intramural games were played last fall in speed ball, but due to unfavorable weather in the late fall and this spring the championship game was not played.

A baseball tournament has been planned for this spring and will be played off before exam week.

To end our meetings for the year we plan to have a hike and picnic.

OFFICERS

President - - - - - - - - - Mary Juday
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - - Dorothy Nohr

Girl Student Club

The Girl Student Club's main purpose is that of promoting friendship among the girls throughout the school. All of the girls in school are eligible to this club.

At the beginning of the year, all new girls were sent invitations, and the rest were invited to a banquet held at the Y. W. C. A. It made the new girls forget their loneliness and gave them an idea of the good times we have at our meetings. A little later the new girls were initiated into the club.

There was a general routine that we followed at the meetings. At five-thirty, we usually met with Mrs. Pfeiffer, our adviser, in the Y. W. C. A. and discussed our business before supper was served. After supper we were entertained by a program which had been prepared for by the program chairman or the girls themselves. It varied throughout the year.

At one of the very first meetings a home talent program took place. All of the girls participated, and many different abilities were brought out. At the end of the program prizes were awarded.

There were many discussions both internal and some led by outside speakers. Some of the other interesting programs were the tea given in honor of Miss Cranefield, and a style show given by Manchester's.

The Girl Student Club also rendered service to the school by painting the locker rooms, and selling football pencils.

This year the club gave a Leap Year Party as they had done in the preceding year. We were also represented in the vaudeville, our skit winning the first prize.

The club made friends with a poor family by filling a basket with food and taking it to them for Thanksgiving. Before Christmas we fixed toys and dressed dolls to make the children of needy families happy.

OFFICERS

President	Katherine James
Vice President	Virginia Reynolds
Secretary	Barbara Jackson
Treasurer	Hallie Lou Whitefield

Student Council

The Student Council, under the supervision of Mr. Ryan, has been confronted with many problems this year, and it feels that it has succeeded very well in all of them. The Council spent considerable time discussing the problem of class rings and has made it possible for everyone in school, including the seventh and eighth grades, to have a class ring. The honor roll system caused a great deal of discussion, and was brought up a number of times during the year. The council agreed on a method based upon having a certain number of points for each grade in the different subjects and having the total sum divided by the number of credits the subjects bring. This was just being tried in the school at the end of the year.

After much investigation it was decided that the low attendance at basketball games might be raised by doing the following things, (1) have season tickets for basketball games as well as football games next year, (2) have more publicity next year, (3) have ushers at next year's games.

Student Council has done many other things, among which were the sponsoring of the dances in the upper gym at noon and the donating of baskets to poor families at Christmas time. The council hopes that the business it has been unable to finish will be carried on and finished next year.

OFFICERS

President	Gordon Fuller
Vice President	Horace Wilkie
Secretary	June Jirtle

Baby Picture Contest

This year Philomathia again sponsored the traditional Baby Picture Contest for the Seniors. Many candidates were submitted, thus making it very difficult to select the winners. However, after much controversy amongst the judges, it was decided that Hugh O'Malley (our industrious business manager) should receive first prize in the boys' division and Katherine James (Jimmy to you fellows) should collect the trophy denoting girls' first prize. And are these last a pair of chubby little rascals! But Jimmy Julian's tiny image could not be left without honorable mention any more than could the double picture of Rebecca and Arnold Clark.

Several of the members of the Senior class had no baby pictures and stated their ardent desire to have a present picture used in the contest. Immediately, however, the other entrants raised a cry, saying that the former would have an unfair advantage. Let's call the class the infant-ry, eh? Oh well, it's a good story, anyway.

However, just because Philomathia originated and sponsored this contest is no sign that she wishes to encourage these outgrown (Oh yes?) characteristics within our student body. We are certain that if some Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen had been snapped with a camera yesterday, the poor senior baby pictures would hide in shame. They couldn't compete against such a fearful head start.

. . . On Club Organization

In Wisconsin High School's student organization there are a large number of active and useful clubs. They each have their own advisers, officers, and programs. They have their separate initiations and parties, also. Each of these clubs in its own way is very beneficial to the school life and to the actual members of the clubs themselves.

Let us look through the section of the 1933 Wisconsin set off with the heading "Organizations." The first picture of a club is that of Hi-Y. It is composed of a group of boys, the majority of whom are Seniors and Juniors, mingled, however, with a few Sophomores. This is recognized as the foremost boys' club of the school since it combines within it all the better members of the other male organizations.

As we go further we come to another boys' club called Red Domino. This is the select boys' dramatic club of the school. They allow only thirteen members on their roll call at one time. They are in all the school plays throughout the year.

Beyond this last we come to a younger boys' organization. This is Blue Arrow which was originated last year by a group of Freshmen. The membership consists of only Freshmen and Sophomores and when the latter become Juniors they are automatically dropped. This affords a fine opportunity for younger boys, who are not old enough to join other clubs, to gain the needed experience and training.

Next is the girls' club, Philomathia. For a number of years, now, this has been recognized as the outstanding service club of the school, having received the cup, which acknowledges this accomplishment, a number of times. It has a large membership including many fine girls.

The following picture is that of Thalia. This is a girls' dramatic club which is sponsored by Miss Laura Johnson. They are also represented in many of the school plays. They have their own program through the year and accomplish many things.

Triaconta, also a girls' dramatic organization, follows. Its members are of as fine a calibre as their adviser, Miss Jean Hoard. With Miss Hoard's knowledge of the stage they have been able to produce many fine plays in the past.

G. A. A. (Girls' Athletic Association) is made up of the more athletically inclined of our female student body. They are the cream of the girls' baseball, basketball, swimming, and tennis teams. They form a well-balanced group of young women athletes.

G. S. C. (Girl Student Club) contains a large percentage of the girl populace of the school. They have meetings regularly which are of great educational as well as entertaining value. This club is certainly worth while to its girls.

We go further and come to the two groups under Mrs. Rector's guidance, the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs. When the two of them are combined they invariably give forth an unforgettable performance. They afford a type of entertainment to their members and to the school as a whole entirely different from that of other organizations.

The purpose of this editorial is to arouse interest in the unifying of these clubs in some way. Why can't a kind of "Club Council" be organized? In this there would be a representative from every club. The group would work together for such things as: a school vaudeville, combined club plays, services to the school, and the like. If this essay incites interest in the confederation of W. H. S. clubs then it may be considered truly successful.

. . . Music

MRS. RECTOR

For the last three years, interest in Music has been greatly stimulated under the fine leadership of Mrs. Helen M. Rector, the music director. Since her arrival, when she first organized boys' and girls' glee clubs and put new life into the orchestra, she has held the interest of many students in both vocal and orchestral activities.

Throughout the year Mrs. Rector has had charge of musical supplements at the various dramatic productions. She has conducted the high school orchestra in programs at the Minstrel Show, the all-school play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," the Christmas program, the Senior Class Play, and at the graduation program. Besides, Mrs. Rector has supervised trio and solo work among the students of the orchestra, having them appear from time to time at the short play programs, and the vaudeville.

Mrs. Rector has trained the members of the boys' and girls' glee clubs into two remarkably fine groups which gave a musical program in the fall, a Christmas program, and climaxed their year's work by giving two performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Mikado." A great deal of credit for the success of its performances must be given to Mrs. Rector whose energy and enthusiasm inspired each one to do his best.

There are nearly one hundred students in musical activities this year under Mrs. Rector's supervision, proving that she is, indeed, a leader of whom we are all proud.

The Orchestra

In spite of the fact that it is difficult to obtain an adequate number of persons with sufficient training for an orchestra, this years group has been a useful element in the school life. Conflicting studies and the fact that only two credits may be earned in the orchestra, make the problem peculiarly difficult.

This year Mrs. Rector required each person in the orchestra to work up an extra selection in a small ensemble group or a solo with piano accompaniment. This gave us excellent training and supplied selections to accompany various programs: the all school plays, speech class plays, debates, and an assembly musical program. To satisfy this requirement, the ensemble groups formed a string trio, conisting of a violin, cello, and piano. One group was composed of two violins, a flute, and piano; another a violin duet with piano accompaniment; another a clarinet duet with piano, and another formed a trumpet quartet. The other members worked up solos.

The orchestra as a whole gave a joint concert with the other musical organizations in the fall. A picked group accompanied the minstrel show, helped in the presentation of the Christmas program, accompanied the Senior Class Play, and played in the Assembly musical program.

The main event of the musical year was the presentation of the "Mikado" by Gilbert and Sullivan. This was even more difficult than "Pinafore" of last year, because the music was more rapid and generally more difficult as to key and time.

The Boys' Glee Club

This year was one of the most successful that the Boys' Glee Club has ever enjoyed. The membership was increased twenty-five per cent at the beginning of the year. Group rehearsals were started and the club was in full swing. The first public production was the Minstrel show. The script was written by James Julian. This show was given to a packed house at the high school auditorium. Soon after this show was shelved, the Christmas program was started. Songs in foreign languages were learned by the Glee Club; marching into the auditorium in "choir-like" style was practiced until the program was very well organized. The seventh and eighth grade pupils acted out parts of the Divine story.

Soon after the holidays the question of choosing an Operetta was discussed. After questioning and testing, Gilbert and Sullivan's, the "Mikado" was selected. All boys interested in trying out for cast parts were given individual help by Mrs. Rector. In the middle of March final try-outs were held and the cast was chosen. Rehearsals for them were started at once and the show began to take shape. Several boys' glee club rehearsals were had before the entire chorus was combined. Under the able direction of Mr. C. L. Lees, the chorus and cast soon became adept.

Before long measurements were taken for the costumes and the sewing class started work. Soon the upper gym looked like a Japanese Village. The boys chorus was taught to act like Japanese Marionettes, and members of the Imperial Japanese Army. When the performance was finally given, it proved to be an effective climax to the season.

OFFICERS

President - - - - - - - Ed Christianson
Secretary-Treasurer - - - - - - Gordon Fuller

Girls' Glee Club

Through the efforts of our very capable director, Mrs. Rector, interest and much enthusiasm has been among the members of the Girls' Glee Club. Both of the choruses contributed special music for the Christmas program, singing favorite carols in foreign languages. In conjunction with the boys' presentation, the Minstrel Show, the girls offered several very enjoyable numbers in a kind of a cantata arrangement.

However, a great part of the time has been donated to the operetta, the "Mikado," which was presented on April 28th and 29th at Bascom Theater. The presentation was a large success, the proceeds of which were turned over to the Athletic Fund, and the dramatic clubs which helped to make the program possible.

The regular schedule this year consisted of two rehearsals a week; the entire group rehearsal on Monday afternoons at three-thirty and individual group practices once a week during any available free periods. The Girls' Glee Club attributes its success to the capable direction of Mrs. Rector and the interest of the organization throughout the year.

Mrs. Rector should be given much credit, not only for the chorus work but also for her aid to the individual cast performances of the "Mikado." In the Girls' Glee Club she developed such fine singers as: Barbara Smith, Margaret Bush, Grace Woy, and Nancy Ann Baldwin. These all had the girl's cast parts in the operetta and from their first practice to the final performance an astounding change could be seen in them due to Mrs. Rector's unfailing work.

OFFICERS

President - - - - - - - -	Barbara Smith
Secretary - - - - - - - -	Marian Bridgman

The Minstrel Show

The minstrel show this year was an unusually good one, being divided into three parts. The first scene was in court. This portion of the program went over big, featuring a solo by a negro mammy, Gordon Fuller. The second scene was typical for the time of year; a convention scene. This also went over big right to the last, and was by far the most colorful part of the whole show. The minstrel show proper, featured as its soloists Dave Milward, singing "Can't You Hear Me Calling, Caroline," John Lumpkin singing, "Deep River," Dick Toellner singing "Going Home," and Hugh O'Malley singing, "That's Why Darkies were Born," assisted by the entire troupe.

Other features on the program were pianologue by Duncan Marsh and Glenn Frank, Jr., a trumpet solo by the Interlocutor, Horace Wilkie and also dances by Tom Lounsbury, Kemper Slidell and Eddie Lindholm. Between features, Ed Christianson, Jim Juilian, Bud Dollard, and Frank Ketterer thrilled the audience with jokes of an unusual variety. All of this was very nice, but would have been of no consequence had it not been for the singing of the entire group. Such songs as "That's Why Darkies Were Born," "I Got Shoes," "Southern Memories," "Mistress Shady," "Nobody Knows," and "The Climate" were ably rendered by the entire troupe. These were all concluded by the singing of that ever popular melody "Hallelujah." The manuscript for this show was written by James Julian.

"The Mikado"

The delightful comedy, the "Mikado," by Gilbert and Sullivan was presented at Bascom Theatre April 28th and 29th, as an all school project of the boys' and girls' glee clubs and the orchestra, assisted by a few alumni.

The action of the play takes place in Japan where the son of the "Great Mikado," Nanki Poo (Dave Milward) runs away from his father's court because he does not want to marry an old hag Katisha (Barbara Smith). It is under the disguise of a second trombone player that he meets Yum-Yum (Margaret Bush), the ward of Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner (Dave Bradley). Nanki-Poo, not being able to marry Yum-Yum, since she is engaged to Ko-Ko, plans to hang himself. The Lord High Executioner refuses to let Nanki-Poo commit suicide, because that is "a crime punishable by death." Ko-Ko consents to put off his marriage with Yum-Yum a month and let Nanki-Poo marry Yum-Yum; at the end of that month Nanki-Poo is to be beheaded by the order of the Mikado. The two lovers, Yum-Yum and Nanki-Poo, discover that when a married man is beheaded, his wife is buried alive with him. Ko-Ko is finally persuaded to marry Katisha so that Nanki-Poo will be free to marry Yum-Yum and make her happy. The other members of the cast were as follows: Pooh-Bah was Ed Christianson, Pish Tush was Dick Toellner, the Mikado was Gordon Fuller, Pitti Sing was Nancy Ann Baldwin, and Peep-Bo was Grace Woy.

Mrs. Rector was in charge of the music. Mr. Lees directed the dramatics, and the stage settings and costume designing were under Mr. Claxton's direction. The costumes were made by the sewing classes and some mothers of the cast and chorus, under Miss Omen's direction. The business managers were Triaconta, Thalia and Red Domino.

UNCONSCIOUS

IS HIS FACE RED?

HOT SPOT

OLD HOME WEEK

SHE FELT
OUR GAZE

UPSA-DAISY

FRANKENSTEIN

BASKETBALL TEAM
WATERTOWN HANGING UP

PING PONG CAPT.
4,3,2,1,1,1,

. . . Dramatics

MR. LEES

Mr. C. Lowell Lees, although a stranger at the first of the year, is now well-known to the majority of the students in the school. He has furthered dramatics to a great extent; his liveliness and willingness inspiring all who come in contact with him. His extensive knowledge of the stage and its intimacies and the manner in which he directs the students are the basic reasons for the really professional performances Wisconsin High has put on this year.

The first production to be under his direction was the well known play, "Seven Keys to Baldpate." The praise of this play was not only limited to the school, but even found its way into articles in the University and city papers.

His next project was the dramatic part of the operetta, the "Mikado." This also proved an excellent example of his ability since the whole operetta seemed unified and smooth as though the directions for handling the chorus and the cast had come with the music.

The last major undertaking for the year was the senior class play. This was "The Torchbearers," by Kelly, which added still more hard earned praise for his name by an excellent intepretation of this quite difficult play-within-a-play.

Besides this trio of dramatic successes, he undertook several minor projects that were given here at school. Among these being the series of one-act plays open to any student in the school and given free of charge, and the vaudeville put on early in the first semester.

All in all we would like to bestow the recognition due to Mr. Lees for the manner in which he has bettered dramatics in this school, and opened this field to all pupils interested, finding much hidden talent. We sincerely hope to have him with us next year so that we may continue added laurels to our dramatic name.

Senior Class Play

George Kelly's satirical comedy, "The Torch-Bearers" was chosen as the Senior Class Play and was presented before a large audience in Bascom Theatre. It met with much approval and commendation.

The leading part of Mrs. Paula Ritter, a rather silly and easily influenced woman who sees an artistic career before her on the stage and who has the lead in a play given within the play, was taken by Elizabeth Fox. Her characterization was excellent. Katherine Miner played the part of Mrs. Pampinelli, who is a very over-bearing and commanding woman, the directress of the play which Mrs. Ritter was trying to put across at the Kutchy-Kutchy. Marian Bridgman took the part of Mrs. Fell, the flighty irresponsible promptress. The role of Florence McCrickett, a young woman taking part in the play was portrayed by June Jirtle. Eleanor Smith played the part of Mrs. Clara Sheppard, the woman whose husband died as she was about to play the lead in the dramatic production directed by Mrs. Pampinelli and prompted by Mrs. Fell.

The masculine lead, Mr. Frederick Ritter, a home loving sensible man who did his best to discourage his wife's ambitions, was exceptionally well acted by Ray Hahn. Mac Wilkie played the character part of Mr. Hosseposse. Paul Reinsch took the part of Mr. Spindler, the man who spent six months in a military training camp. Mr. Twiller was played by Lynn Nordness and the part of Teddy Spearing by John Tompkins. Alden Rowley played the part of the nonplussed stage manager.

The play was a great success and happily none of the experiences gone through by the poor bewildered characters in their production were experienced by the cast in ours. In addition, the play was a financial success.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"

The "Seven Keys to Baldpate," a fast moving, dramatic comedy of situation, was given November 28, 1932. William Magee (Derald Ruttenberg), a novel writer, made a bet with one of his friends that he could write a novel within twenty-four hours if he was left completely alone. This friend of his, Bently (Dave Bradley), owned a summer resort situated on the top of Baldpate mountain. Since it was in the middle of the winter, it was decided that he should seek his solitude there.

The first act is his arrival there and the opening of the inn by the caretakers, Mr. and Mrs. Quimby (Lynn Nordness and Hallie Lou Whitefield). He starts work on his novel but is interrupted by the arrival of John Bland (Joe Chada). Bland sneaks into the office, uses the telephone, and tries to get into the safe. Magee calmly comes downstairs and asks him what he is doing. From then on crooks and heroines come and go so fast that poor Mr. Magee is left gasping as he is supposed to have the only key to the inn but there seems to be seven altogether.

Just as things have come to a climax the owner of the inn arrives with a policeman (Dave Lewis). He tells the distracted Magee that it has all been a joke played on him. The crooks and heroines were only actors he had hired for the occasion.

However, Magee has fallen in love with the heroine, Mary Norton (Jean Mathews). She admits that she loves him too, so everything ends happily.

During the epilogue the audience is astonished to find that this is only a story that Magee has written with himself as hero. He has written it within twenty-four hours and so wins the five thousand dollar bet.

Others in the cast were: Virginia Reynolds, Barbara Buckman, Heber Ryan, Donald Pepper, Herbert Levy, and Paul Reinsch.

. . . Forensics

MISS GLADYS BORCHERS

There are many speech teachers who are outstanding in their subject, but who lack the personality and ability to appeal to students. However, neither of these characteristics are lacking in our speech teacher, Miss Borchers.

Every student in Wisconsin High comes in contact with Miss Borchers during his freshman and sophomore years, in her speech classes. In these speech classes many useful things are gained. Among these are: how to debate, how to make speeches, the art of conversation, principles of radio broadcasting, and many others. If one stutters, lisps or does not talk loud enough, Miss Borchers is always ready to help him overcome his difficulty. But more important than all of these, we become acquainted with the outstanding personality of Miss Borchers, and she will remain an inspiration to us.

As a part of the requirements for the speech class it is necessary to enter the forensic contest in the spring. There are four divisions: extemporaneous speaking and reading, declamatory, and oratory. The winner of each contest competes in the league, then the district and finally, in the state contest. In forensics, also, we always find Miss Borchers ready to help us.

Debating is another activity in which Miss Borchers is interested. Her able coaching has brought many trophies home to Wisconsin High.

Through her work at Wisconsin High, Miss Borchers will long remain a pleasant memory in the hearts of her students.

Debate Club

During the past year the Debate Club has encouraged and sponsored a heavy program of debate and forensic activities. At its monthly meetings at the homes of the various members, the club enjoyed talks by Prof. Henry L. Ewbank and Prof. Harold Groves on the taxation question.

The debate teams of Wisconsin High School were composed of James Vaughn, David Bradley, Derald Ruttenberg, Affirmative; and Harold Edwards, Mac Wilkie and Willard Stafford, Negative, with Miss Gladys Borchers as coach. In addition to a regular debating program practice debates were held with the Portage, Whitewater, Oconomowoc, Monroe, Reedsburg and Baraboo High Schools.

In the regular debating program the affirmative team debated with Middleton, winning by a three to nothing decision; Stoughton, winning by a vote of one to nothing; and Baraboo, losing by the vote of the one judge.

The negative team debated with Randolph, losing by a two to one decision; Deerfield, losing by the decision of the one judge, and Waukesha, losing by a one to nothing vote.

The percentage of the team was high and therefore the debates with Deerfield and Baraboo were in the District contest. Wisconsin High School won the Southern Wisconsin Six league in debating, having the highest percentage of the schools in the league.

The City Championship has been won by Wisconsin High School five times in the past six years. The City Championship series of debates have not been held as yet, but will take place with East Side, Central and West High Schools.

Miss Borchers, during the past season, has given much motivation and encouragement to the teams, and the small amount of success received would have been improbable, had it not been for her capable and willing assistance.

OFFICERS

President	Derald Ruttenberg
Vice President	Willard Stafford
Secretary-Treasurer	George Read

Extemporaneous Reading

Extemporaneous reading as usual, was the most popular of all the contests, being represented by an exceedingly large number of contestants. Mary Ellen Ohm, Virginia Ritzinger and Derald Ruttenberg competed in the finals. Mary Ellen was the victor and represented Wisconsin High at Beloit.

Oratorical Contest

Derald Ruttenberg, last year's winner and Horace Wilkie, last year's runner up, were the finalists again in the oratorical contest which was composed of about a dozen entrants. Derald won a close decision and won with it the right to represent Wisconsin High at the District Contest. Here he placed third out of three contestants.

Declamatory Contest

An unusually large number competed in this popular speaking contest and the competition was keen. Katherine James, a finalist of last year, and Heber Ryan were the contestants in the finals. Katherine won a close decision and the honor of representing our school at the district tournament in Beloit. Here, Katherine received a close second place.

Extemporaneous Speaking Contest

Several people competed in this contest, although there were few veterans of last year in the running. The finalists were Willard Stafford and Helen Julian. Willard won and represented Wisconsin High School at Beloit, where he earned first place. From here, he went to Whitewater and competed in their contest. However, he did not seem to hold the right cards and he lost out. Willard was the only speaker from Wisconsin High to go farther than the district contest in the respective tournaments.

. . . Social

Junior Prom

The Junior Prom this year was not only a huge social success, amidst all the glamor of Wallie Lilliand's Campus Band, and original decorations, but also proved to be a smashing success financially. The Prom was under the able administration of King Arthur Petersen and Queen Jean Mathews. Committees were appointed, along with a chairman for each separate one. The committees soon got to work, taking helpful hints from various faculty members (including two Junior Home Room Advisers. Miss Omen and Miss Springhorn) scouring the stores of Madison, and securing real bargains.

Heading the all important refreshment and floor committee, was Isabel Rolofson; decorations were under the supervision of Barbara Smith; Glenn Frank, Jr., took charge of publicity and ticket sales were taken care of by Hallie Lou Whitefield. Under these able chairmen, the expenditures were kept down to a minimum. Assisted by the loyal patronage of a goodly number of alumni, the money poured in and little of it found its way out, giving the Junior class a small treasury for the first time.

Underlying credit can be given to the Prom officers, the home room advisers, and the supporting class, but no one can bestow the amount of credit that is due Miss Sylvia Petersen, sister of the chairman, who spent many hours transacting various deals with Bascom Theatre and other establishments throughout the city in an attempt to lower expenses and better Prom.

Work for the event was started early Friday and finished late Sunday night, with a short intermission Saturday evening, February 13th, for prom and its gay celebration.

The Sophomore Shuffle

That great social event of the spring, known as the Sophomore Shuffle, went down in the pages of history Friday evening, May 12, 1933 as a huge success.

The stage settings for the Mikado made up the main part of the decorations. The large screen served as a background for Bob Kennedy's orchestra, which added its share to the enjoyment of the evening. Tea tables, Japanese lanterns, and cherry blossoms lent atmosphere to the occasion and completed the illusion of a Japanese tea garden. Over the door hung a large sign announcing the nature of the affair. As you entered the "tea garden" the first thing you saw was a large mural on the opposite wall of the gymnasium. To the right was the orchestra on a raised platform. Behind it was the screen, and on either side greens and cherry blossoms were arranged in the form of a V. At the other end of the gymnasium was the third screen. On one side of it was the faculty's corner marked by a "snicker snee," on the other side the popular punch bowl. Light was furnished by Japanese lanterns.

The success of the evening was due greatly to the committees. The chairmen were: General chairman—Stewart Edgerton; Publicity—Caryl Bridgman; Ticket sales—Heber Ryan; Decorations—Gail Brodhead; Refreshments—Paul Colb.

Freshman Party

On Hallowe'en night, October 30, as has become a tradition, the Freshmen of our school, climbed into costumes, grotesque or elegant as the case may have been, and made their way to the little stone school house by the tracks. After negotiating the treacherous and tiring journey, past the office, past John, the janitor, past the library, on up beyond the Home Ec Department, beyond Mrs. Binger and on, on, on to the illustrious portals of the magnificent upper gym, they found that it was not in vain. There was dancing; there were games—ah—and yes—refreshments. All in all, there wasn't a Freshman present who could truthfully register anything but uproarious joy, unbounded enthusiasm and constant interest. In fact the "brawl" was an unusually fine success. Let the Freshman Hallowe'en Party continue to be a yearly feature on the school program. We believe that the lowly Frosh should have his fling as well as the omniscient Soph and the blase Junior. What do you think? Go on! You were a Freshman once, yourself!

G. S. C. Party

'Twas a dark and stormy night and all the men were sitting around the—whupps—wait a minute. That's a different story. Anyway it was a dark, November night, the 25th to be exact, when a goodly crowd assembled in "Ye Olde Upper Gyme." For it was the night when the "gels" of G. S. C. toss a swing-out. But to go on; it was a huge success, both socially and—well, after all money talks, you know. Those present were greeted by a sky line which had a semblance to that of New York, proper. Those who were behind the party put in many long hours on "them thar" decorations. Did you appreciate them? Well, we liked them and, in truth, they were really unique and interesting. But besides this last notable feature, the orchestra was worthy of note and was commented on, again and again. It was very good and, after all, it's the orchestra that makes or breaks a party. This "rassle" was classed among the best of the current year and we all hope that good old G. S. C. will continue to sponsor such parties in the future. Oh yes!—And a good time was had by all.

Athletics

Coach Russell Rippe

Too many times a coach and director of athletics of a high school is either much too harsh or too easy with the boys whom he supervises. When he is too harsh, he incurs the fear and hatred of his subjects and when he is the opposite the boys hold no respect for him.

However, at Wisconsin High School, we have a man who is not only likeable and friendly, but who also is strict enough to keep a very great respect in the eyes of the students. He is a coach, through and through. He likes to win games but he uses only fair means to accomplish this end, namely: hard practice, intensive drill, careful coaching of the fundamental principles, and an unconquerable will to win. His athletic teams since his arrival at Wisconsin High School bear mute witness of his wonderful ability. His basketball, football, and track teams compete against much larger schools and not only hold their own, but emerge victorious nine times out of ten.

His personality attracts and holds friendships among his boys. It has been said by many that they have never seen a coach for whom the players would give all they have and more too in such a manner as is displayed by the Wisconsin High School athlete. To know Mr. Rippe is to like him; to have him coach you makes you want to give everything to win, but on the other hand, if this cannot be realized, to take defeat gracefully, with chin up and a smile on your face.

1932 Football Season

GAMES

Madison West

Wisconsin High opened the 1932 football season with the traditional rival, Madison West, in a night game at Breese Stevens Field. Wisconsin High was the underdog, and by a great defense was more impressive than her huskier foe. The game resulted in a 0-0 deadlock. A strong wind gave the game a more scientific angle with respect to forward passes and placing punts in various spots. Whitaker the "made-over" fullback displayed a great defensive ability and Mac Wilkie blocked exceptionally well. In the line, the play of Capt. Chuck White and Ed Christianson was outstanding.

Fort Atkinson

Wisconsin High opened the Southern Six conference season with an 18-0 victory over Fort. The game was played at night on the lighted field at Fort. The game was listless, being marred throughout the first half by fumbles and penalties. A forty yard return by Johnny Anderson placed the preps in a position to score. On the next two plays the preps placed the ball on Fort's ten yard line. Whitaker scored on the second line buck. The second Wis. Hi score came on a brilliant 71 yard return of a punt by Anderson, prep safety man. The third touchdown was made on a lateral pass Milward to Whitaker from the one yard line after the Fort line had held for three downs. Whitaker, Anderson and Milward in the backfield, and Johnson and Marsh in the line, led Wis. Hi.

Stoughton

The Badger Preps upheld their leading place in the conference standings by beating Stoton 9-0. The game was played at Camp Randall on a very hot day, and hence the play was sluggish. Both teams battled three scoreless periods, until the preps were able to score. Standing on his own three yard line, the Stoton safty man attempted to catch one of Whitaker's punts, and fumbled it. The ball bounced over the goal line, and the safety, after he recovered it, was downed by Capt. White, behind the goal line for a safety. The preps again took the ball and marched to the 12 yard line. From there Whitaker took it over. White scored the extra point on a pass from Anderson. Johnson and Peterson teamed up well at the guard positions to play excellent defensive games.

Madison East

A slashing defense against a lifeless East Side offense brought the Preps another scoreless tie in the city series fight. Wisconsin High outscored East in first downs,

GAMES—(Continued)

8-4. However, with Whitaker bearing the brunt of ball carrying, Christianson took a turn at lugging the pigskin, and was responsible for three successive first downs in the last half. Wis. Hi had its best scoring opportunity in the third quarter when Christianson recovered one of Whitaker's punts which the East safety man had fumbled, giving Wis. Hi the ball on East's five yard line. Three line plays and a lateral pass failed to bring the desired points home. Don Truax, Milward, and Capt. White played outstanding games for the preps.

Edgerton

Wis. Hi won its third straight Southern Six Conference tilt by defeating Edgerton here 41-0. The Preps scored six touchdowns, three points after touchdowns and a safety. Edgerton was outclassed in every department of the game; nothing they tried worked with any success, while Wisconsin High battered the "Red" line to shreds, drilled off tackle for many yards and circled the ends for huge gains.

Dave Milward led the scoring for the Preps with three touchdowns, Hank Whitaker scored two and Jerry Morrison made the sixth. Whitaker scored all three points after touchdowns. The safety was scored when Christianson blocked a punt behind the Edgerton goal line and it was recovered by Edgerton.

Coach Russ Rippe substituted continually using 33 men in the game. In the backfield Milward, Anderson, and Whitaker shared the ground gaining honors, while all the line performed well with White, Fuller and Miller showing up well.

Watertown

Up to the Watertown game Wisconsin High was unbeaten and unscored upon. However the breaks of the game favored Watertown and they won 13-0. The game was played here at Breese Stevens Field, on a cold windy day which was not at all the ideal weather for football. Both teams made seven first downs. Watertown scored their first scores on an intercepted pass which was returned 61 yards for a touchdown. The extra point was missed. This happened in the third quarter. The score completely demoralized the Preps and they took to passes as a means of pulling the game out of the fire. Another pass was intercepted and Watertown returned the ball to scoring distance, where they drove over. This time the extra point was made.

For the Preps Capt. White, Whitaker, Peterson and Johnson were outstanding.

Madison Central

Weakened by injuries the fighting Badger Preps went down in defeat at the hands of Central. A touchdown shortly after the kick-off starting the game and another starting the second half gave Central their margin of victory. Wisconsin High made a great bid for a score when Dick Toellner intercepted a pass on his own 11 yard line and raced 73 yards before being brought down from behind on Centrals 16 yard line. However the Preps were unable to shove the ball over from here and lost the ball on downs.

But the losers were not without honor in defeat. The defense play of Whitaker, Capt. White, and Johnson was undoubtedly the best shown in the local high school loop. Wisconsin High rose to the heights on occasions, but another stiff ball game three days before had sapped their power to stay at this peak.

Monroe

The Monroe game was played there on a field resembling a skating rink, more than a football field. The field was a sheet of ice covered by snow two inches deep. Footings were insecure so that no line play could be used. Wisconsin High took off in high gear when Johnny Anderson took the opening kickoff and raced 73 yards for a touchdown. Christianson was smeared at the line of scrimmage in the try for extra point.

Monroe came right back and returned the kickoff to the Prep 15 yard line. The Preps held for two plays only to give way on a lateral pass play which placed the ball on the Prep's one yard line. From here Monroe scored. Their extra point was also missed and the score 6-6 survived to the final whistle. Fuller, Anderson and White stood out as the best of the preps. In this game many boys wound up their high school carecrs since they will be graduated in June.

The 1932 Football Team

Captain Charles White, Senior End

Charley was a great end and an inspirational leader. Regardless of the score he kept driving and few yards were gained around his end. He was particularly outstanding on going down under punts. He was selected on All-City and All-Conference honor teams.

Capt.-Elect Arthur Petersen, Junior Guard

Art played heads up ball all year and was voted next year's captain by his teammates. He was a hard man to take out on any play and drove hard on offense. He will make a very capable leader next year.

Robert Johnson, Senior Guard

Although not endowed with a very large stature, Bob would do any job assigned to him and always came out best. Due to his consistent playing and strong defensive work, he was also selected on All-City and All-Conference teams.

Henry Whitaker, Senior Fullback

This year Hank was shifted from end to fullback and there gave a very good account of himself. He had great ability in backing up the line and his quick kicks often caught the opposing backs unaware. He was the choice for All-City and All-Conference fullback.

John Anderson, Senior Quarterback

Johnny was the fastest man on the squad and his long returns of all types of kicks were sensational. He did the teams passing and was very accurate with his tosses. His choice of plays was good and he played his position well.

Edward Christianson, Senior Tackle

Ed drove hard and stopped many plays that started his way. He was the biggest man on the squad and he was a tower of strength in the line. Toward the end of the season he was used some in the backfield and showed up well there.

David Milward, Senior Halfback

Dave was an elusive ball carrier and combined his skittery hips with an unjudgeable change of pace to fool many a would-be tackler. He was also good on pass defense.

Duncan Marsh, Junior Tackle

This was Ducky's first year but he played his position like an old veteran and had plenty of drive and fight. He will be a welcome mainstay in next year's team.

Gordon Fuller, Senior Center

Gordie developed into a good center this year and made his passes accurately. He played good defensive ball both on seven and six man line formations. He intercepted many passes from the six man style and distinguished himself by this.

Ransome Miller, Junior End

This year Rannie broke in with a bang. He was a good offensive and defensive player of a steady rather than showy nature. He was good on forward passes and his presence was felt.

Hugh O'Malley, Senior Center

Nick was pursued by bad luck this year and was laid up with injuries for quite a while. However he had the fight and was a hard man to play against when his "Irish" was aroused.

Mac Wilkie, Senior Halfback

Mac was the team's blocking halfback and was very able at this position. He was not only a good blocker but was good for a few yards when they were needed. He had plenty of fight and nerve and took out his man on every play.

"W" Club

This spring a new and different club was inaugurated within Wisconsin High School. Mr. Rippe thought that the "W" award for athletic competition should be made more honored than it has been in the past. Therefore, after consulting Mr. Hinderman and the other powers-that-be and talking it over with the captains of the various sports, he decided that a "W" club should be organized. With the constitution of the University of Wisconsin "W" Club as a basic foundation, a constitution of our own was drawn up. The furthering of good scholarship among letter winners and the increasing of the "W" 's value are the purposes of the organization.

The self-government of the club is composed of a seven man board, the captains of football, basketball, track, swimming, hockey, and tennis. This year, the following made up what will be known as the charter board (since it is the first one): Charles White, football captain; Henry Whitaker, basketball captain; Ed Christianson, track captain; James Julian, swimming captain; Don Truax, golf captain; John Anderson, hockey captain; and Dave Bradley, tennis captain. In a meeting of these, Ed Christianson was elected President, Henry Whitaker was elected Vice President, and Charles White took office as Secretary-Treasurer. It is the duty of this board to decide on those boys who are to win letters in their respective sports. Of course Mr. Rippe and Mr. Hinderman sit in at the meetings, but the main body of the business is carried on by the board itself.

The originators of this club feel that there will be a new deference paid to the "W" award. In the new constitution more difficult stipulations for winning a letter in the different sports have been set down. The wearing of a "W" will really mean that something has been accomplished by the wearer.

Besides this, ultimately some clearly defined methods will be put into use in order to demolish the ever-impending athletic deficit. This organization will be in a much better position to do something about this terrible condition than any other one could possibly be. With such a unified strength of the athlete turned toward this worthy cause, results should be very shortly forthcoming. It is high time someone really took the proverbial "bull by the horns" and actually accomplished something. And again I say, who is better fitted for this job than the "W" Club?

We, who are starting out in the club as a new project, sincerely hope that it will be carried on with its purpose well outlined and its power of organization constantly increasing.

1932-33 Basketball Team

B Squad

The Season's Games

Nov. 30—CENTRAL—We started out the season with a bang. Central went down to defeat before a powerful blue and white team by a score of 15-14. Milward and Fuller led the preps with seven and six points respectively.

Dec. 9—WEST—Lady Luck was surely against the preps that night! A sloppy shot from the middle of the floor was the Waterloo for the preps. Fuller led the losers with six points. The game was close throughout and we were ahead until six seconds to play.

Dec. 16—EDGERTON—Our first conference game was a tough one. Edgerton led through almost the whole game, but Christianson's overhead and push shot pulled the game out of the fire and we won 20-17.

Dec. 23—STOTON—This game was fairly easy to win. The game was slow and uninteresting, and the final score was 12-5. Fuller led the victors with four points.

Jan. 6—EAST—A hard driving Wis. Hi basketball team rallied gamely in the third

GAMES—(Continued)

and fourth quarters to defeat East in a city series game. Christianson and Whitaker led the blue and white team with five and four points each.

Jan. 13—WATERTOWN—Wis. Hi took over the Southern Six leadership by defeating Watertown 14-12, at Watertown. The game was tied at the end of the third quarter, but the preps fought hard and won. Grinde and Householder each got 4 points, while Whitaker took five points to pace the victors.

Jan. 20—FORT—Wis. Hi retained its league lead, by defeating Fort at Fort by a 26-17 margin. The preps were superior in every department of the game and combined a brilliant passing attack with an advantage in height. Whitaker and Milward starred with ten and five points.

Jan. 27—MONROE—Altho going scoreless in the second half, Wis. Hi staved off a determined forth quarter rally by Monroe and won 12-10. The preps led 12-4 at half time but were unable to connect during the second half. Grinde was the outstanding floor player for the winners.

Feb. 3—EDGERTON—Wis. Hi started out its second round in the league with a decisive victory over the Edgerton five by a score of 25-10. The preps were in front 16-10 at the end of the third quarter, and put on a driving finish. Whitaker's ten points led the preps.

Feb. 7—CENTRAL—In a slow and uninteresting game featuring a lack of scoring by both fives, Central was defeated at the Field House by a score of 12-7. The preps were behind at half time, but came to win. Whitaker's seven points again led the scoring.

Feb. 10—STOTON—In the seventh straight victory in the Southern Six, the blue and white team beat the Stoton team 28-13. Big Ed Christianson led the winners with ten points. The first half was close, but in the second half the preps pulled away and easily won.

Feb. 17—WATERTOWN—Wis. Hi clinched the league championship by a 17-9 win over the Watertown cagers. Wis. Hi played one of its best games of the year, combining a well planned and neatly executed offense with an air tight defense. Grinde and Capt. Whitaker led the champions with six and seven points each. Householder's defensive work was well worth noting.

Feb. 24—FORT—Coach Russ Rippe's boys won their ninth conference victory by trouncing Fort 25-8. With the game came the undisputed league title. Julian Grinde and Hank Whitaker played great ball getting six and eight points. Johnny Householder came through with six points.

Mar. 1—WEST—In a story book game the preps went down in defeat before a powerful West team. Altho the preps outscored West in the number of baskets, West's ability to drop free throws won the game. However it was not until an overtime period that West could gain the two point advantage, to win 25-23. The superior height of the blue and gold cagers overcame the brilliant team play of the preps.

Mar 3—MONROE—A determined Monroe five overcame a cocky blue and white team to the tune of 19-16. The preps played sloppily and deserved to lose. A greater accuracy from the free throw line was the deciding factor of the game. Christianson led the losers with six points.

Mar. 7—EAST—Wis. Hi closed its city series with a decisive 32-17 victory over Madison East to finish second in the city standings. Of the underclassmen, who played most of the game, Marsh led the scoring with 5 points.

DISTRICT TOURNAMENT

Stoton—Wis. Hi met Stoton for the third time of the season at the Monroe armory to open the district cage meet there. Led by Gordie Fuller, who netted 10 points, the preps won an easy game. Two prep players left the game via the foul route

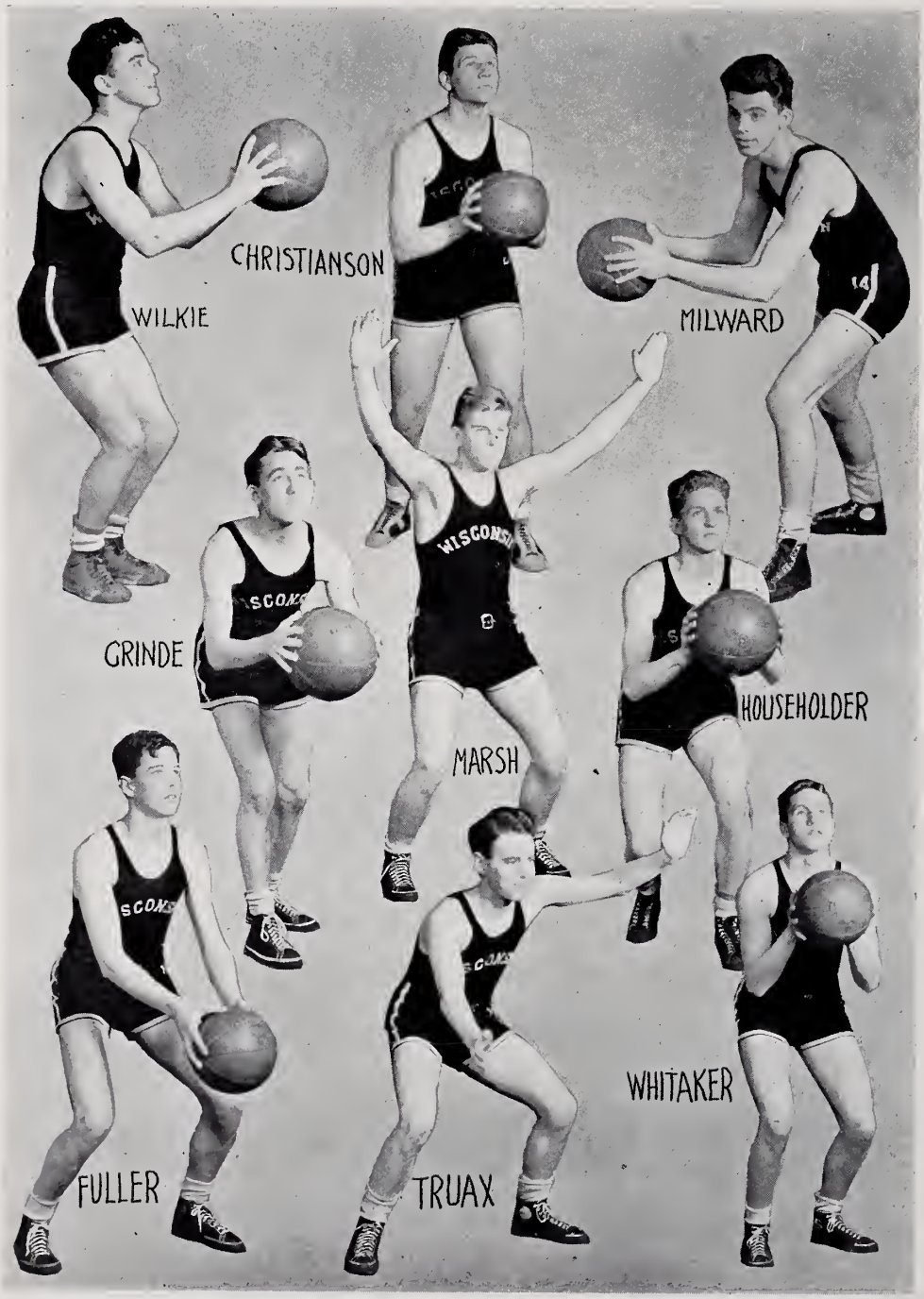
The second game of the meet was played with Monticello. Having easily won the first game, the preps were a wee bit overconfident. Christianson's 6 points led the Madison team to a 18-14 victory. The game was close all the way, and Monticello was on the prep's heels all the way.

The final game was a real battle. Led by Fuller, who netted five points, the blue and white won 19-14. In the closing minutes of the game the preps slowly but surely pulled away from the Monroe outfit. Three prep regulars left the game with four fouls, but the subs played hard and the district championship was ours at the end of a long, hard-fought game.

STATE TOURNAMENT

The preps drew Shawano, a northern team, for their first game in the state meet. Led by "Chief" Grignon the opponents won 23-11. The preps were never in the running.

In the consolation series the preps next played West DePere. At the half time, the preps were behind 16-3. In the second half, the blue and white team put on an inspired rally, led by Fuller. At the start of the final quarter we were out in front 20-19, but the De Pere team slipped in a couple of fast baskets and won the game 24-20.


CHRISTIANSON
WILKIE
MILWARD
GRINDE
HOUSEHOLDER
MARSH
WHITAKER
FULLER
TRUAX

Individual Players

Capt. Hank Whitaker—Senior

Hank started out the season at a guard position, but at mid season was shifted to center. He was stellar defense man, and was brilliant on offense. He was highest of the squad in scoring, and was on the All-Conference, All-City, and the All-Tournament Teams. Hank was an ideal captain.

Capt.-Elect Johnny Householder

Johnny was the fastest man on the squad and was a great asset to the passing attack. Johnny developed into an excellent tournament man, and pulled the team out of many holes with his dribble in shots. He is well liked by the other members of the squad and will make an excellent captain next year.

Julian Grinde—Senior

Julian was the "ball hawk" of the team. He was all over the floor, and outplayed persons much larger than himself. He was a dead shot, and his timely long shots won many games for the preps. His main pastime during a game was to intercept passes from the oposing guards. He will be missed greatly next year.

Dave Milward—Senior

Dave was a big help to the team in getting tip offs. He was the highest jumper of the team, and could be seen on all tip off plays coming crashing in over the heads of the opposing team to get the ball. Dave fitted very well into the Rippe passing game and was an excellent shot.

Ed Christianson—Senior

Ed was a valuable asset to the team because of his height and weight. He was valuable under the basket and there were few centers that out jumped him. His hook shots were poison for the opponents, and these shots saved many a game.

Gordon Fuller—Senior

Gordie was a great help to the team because of his size and was dead on free throws. On dribble shots he seldom missed. He also developed into a tournament player, being high scorer on the team at the tournament.

Don Truax—Senior

Don was a hard driving forward, playing hard all the time and was a neat little player. He was fast and added a lot of "pepper" to the team whenever he was in the game.

Hoss Wilkie—Junior

Hoss should develop into a real player next year. He is an excellent dribbler and a dead shot from all points of the floor. He is a good defensive man and will be a real asset to the 1934 prep team.

D. Marsh—Junior

Marsh was uncanny at getting the ball on rebounds. He was a hard man to guard and a good shot. This was Dunc's first year on the squad and by next year he will be a good player.

Track

The track team this year under the tutelage of Coach Rippe displayed a great amount of individual talent rather than a balanced group. Building the team around the returning lettermen, Coach had Captain Christianson in the shot and discus, Whitaker in the high jump and shot, O'Malley in the quarter mile and Householder in the dashes. To these men, Marsh and Petersen in weights, Kermit Stick in the dashes, Chada in the hurdles and Bradley in the mile, added considerable strength.

The team experienced much disappointment when, at the beginning of the season, it was announced that the W.I.A.A. would sponsor no meets of its own. It was also stated, however, that it would recognize any meets that the association members wanted to sponsor themselves. Immediately the Southern Wisconsin Six Conference track meet was canceled because of financial difficulties. The city meet, though, is scheduled for May 24. In this will compete Wisconsin High, Madison Central, Madison West, and Madison East. The outlook for this meet is fairly favorable with West appearing to be the strongest opponent.

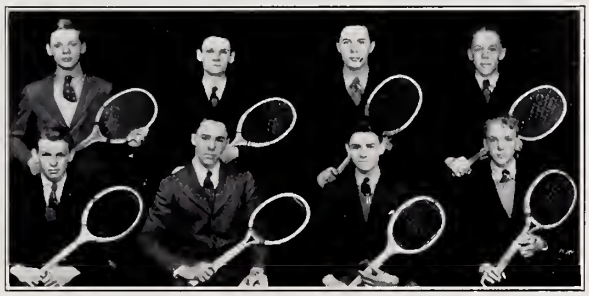
Also a state invitational meet will be held at Green Bay on May 27. The prep track team, or at least a good part of it, expects to make the trip and show the northerners how the gentle arts of the track and field should be handled. We wish them all kinds of luck.

Swimming Team

The swimming team had a good season under the able direction of Coach Sherman Fogg, with Jim Julian and Dave Bradley remaining from last year's team. We had two meets with a very strong Janesville team and we tied with West High for city honors. We also placed fifth in the state swimming meet at Milwaukee, in which Captain Jimmy Julian swam to a second place in the 200 yard free style and Dave Bradley dashed to a second in the 100 yard free style. For four months the team worked out twice a week with the result that every one showed a marked improvement in his style of swimming. Bud Dollard was chosen to captain next year's team and letters were given to Jim Julian, Dave Bradley, Bud Dollard, and Kermit Stick.

Tennis Team

The season was a thoroughly successful one. The team was picked by a school tournament open to all high school boys. Captain Dave Bradley, who is the only player from last years team played singles with Hugh Gillen, Bud Kaeser, Steve Bradley alternating as second singles and doubles players. Several dual matches were arranged with West and Central and the city high school tennis tournament followed right after. Letters are to be given to those who consistently perform successfully.



Golf Team

The prospects for a good golf season looked much better this year with a group of veterans returning for this years team. Led by Captain Don Truax, the list contained such stars as Dave Milward, Julian Grinde and John Anderson. Numerous matches were held and the proteges of Coach Schwei showed up well. A great deal of time was spent in practice and some of the boys developed into god players. Letters were awarded to the few low score players in the group and the season was considered on the whole successful.

1932 and 1933 Letter Winners

FOOTBALL

Captain, Charles White
Capt. Elect, Arthur Petersen
Henry Whitaker
Robert Johnson
Mac Wilkie
John Anderson
David Milward
Ed Christianson
Donald Truax
Gordon Fuller
Hugh O'Malley
Duncan Marsh
Ransome Miller
Reginald Terwilliger
Richard Toellner
Gerald Morrison
Alden Rowley
Paul Fuss
John Lumpkin
John Tompkins, Mgr.

TENNIS

Captain David Bradley
Hugh Gillen

BASKETBALL

Captain Henry Whitaker
Capt. Elect John Householder
David Milward
Julian Grinde
Ed Christianson
Gordon Fuller
Donald Truax
Horace Wilkie
Duncan Marsh
Wayne Hunzicker
Phillip Rosein, Mgr.

TRACK

Captain Ed Christianson
John Anderson
Henry Whitaker
Duncan Marsh

SWIMMING

Captain James Julian
Capt. Elect Bud Dollard
David Bradley
Kermit Stick

GIRLS' ATHLETICS

Speed Ball

The speed ball games were started rather late this spring and consequently little opportunity was given for an extensive tournament. However, there was a short tournament played, during which a great deal of competitive spirit was displayed. The various class teams went out for the championship with a real vigor. This tournament, as in other years, was open only to the Junior High School girls. After some arguing, the Freshman class team managed to overcome their younger opponents.

Basketball

As usual, basketball was the biggest sport of the year. There was a great deal of practise in gym classes as well as extra practice that was put in by many of the teams after school, sometimes as many as three times a week. Class teams were organized and the annual tournament was under way. Again, spirited games took place and after much opposition the Junior class girls emerged with the laurels.

Volley Ball

In this sport the faculty women displayed as much enthusiasm as did the girls themselves. First of all, the tournament was held between the class teams. All of the entries were skilled but the Freshman class seemed to have the edge over the others. They won a large enough percentage of games to be considered the champions of this sport. However, they were not to be left unchallenged. They were chosen to play the faculty team on various nights after school. They soon found that the faculty was adept at something besides teaching from books. Needless to say, the Freshman team was trounced by their instructors.

THE VOLLEY BALL TEAM

Dorothy Nohr
Ingeborg Bruns
Neville Dickson
Duckie Wardle
Martha Rickeson
Betty Bass

Tennis

This year the tennis enthusiasts were greatly disappointed because of the inability to obtain enough courts for a well balanced tournament. However, in the fall, we were able to have instructions in a few games during our gym classes. But in the spring, we only were able to have a few girls who are considered the best of their class play off a small match. This contest was not yet finished when this write-up was submitted to the annual.

Swimming

Almost every spring before summer vacation, the gym classes begin to spend their time swimming in Lake Mendota. Of course this year, due to the unseasonable weather, we have had very little of this kind of swimming. Besides this though, the girls are invited to the Saturday morning swimming meets at Lathrop Hall. This year there were more meets than usual, three to be exact. There were two city contests and one inter-class meet. In the city "play day" (as it is called) Kathleen McKinnon placed in diving; Mary Jane Marks and Dorothy Nohr placed in the swimming events. In the inter-class swimming meet, the Junior High students and the freshmen turned out to be the best contestants.

Canoeing

We have started something new in this school this spring, namely the sport called canoeing. At all possible times during the day and after school, canoeing classes are held by Miss Boggs. All girls who wish to attend these classes must of course pass certain requirement tests in swimming. We hope that this entertaining and educational type of athletics will be furthered in later years at Wisconsin High School. It is something new in the way of a gym class and helps to create a little diversion from the usual kind of program.

Baseball

It is difficult to write anything about this sport as yet, since the tournament itself is being held at this very time and will not finish until very near the end of the school year. As yet of course, it is undecided who will take away honors as the best girls' baseball team. However, the way things appear now the Junior class team seems to have a slight edge. They have defeated the Freshman class team, which was considered among the best of the school.

Literature

. . . CALENDAR . . .

Sept 1—Coach Muscle Grippe out to show boys (?) the science (?) of "ye olde game of footballe." (Boy, he's ignorant. He don't even know how to spell ould.)

Sept. 5—Labor Day—Suggestive?—But no football practice.

Sept. 12—50 brawny men sweat for a silly game called "fussball" (that's German, you chump). Add —school also begins.

Sept. 19—Was West's face red? (0-0)

Sept. 23—We "athletic goils" get together for a little "brawl" tonight. (G.A.A. Party)

Sept. 30—Played football at Fort tonight. Their floodlights would make good flashlights on some dark night. Took 'em in though 18-0.

Sept. 31—Whoops, forgot—30 days hath September, etc.

Oct. 8—Stoughton veni, vidi, but didn't vici. (9-0)

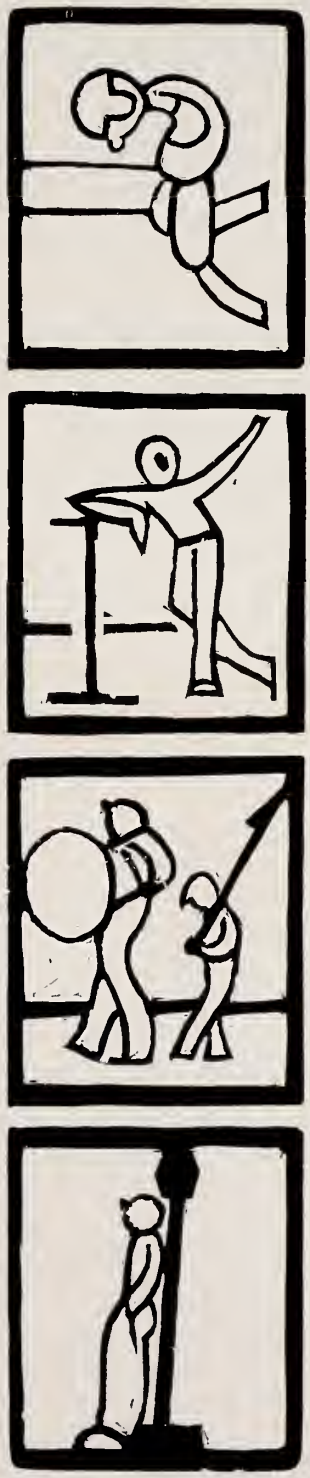
Oct. 14—"Frosh" had a little party tonight (starting out pretty young, eh what?)

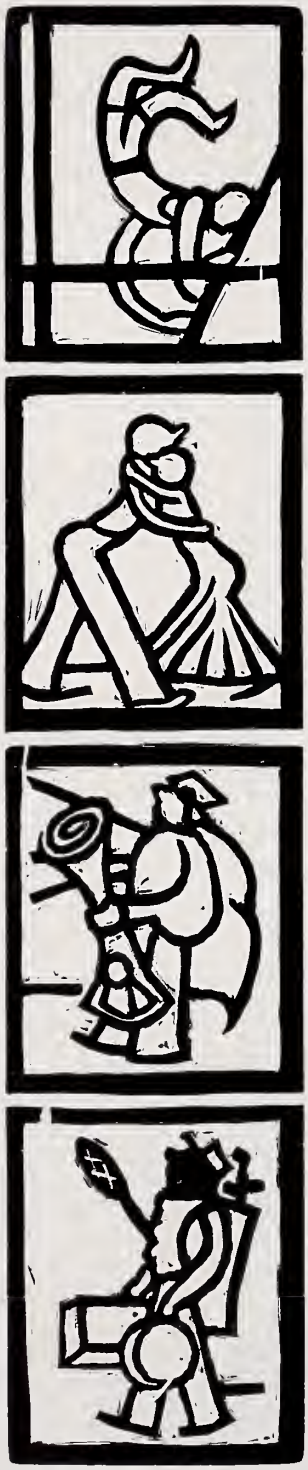
Oct. 15—Edgerton came today and took a trimming. Serves 'em right; they ought not to have worn those tantalizingly red jerseys. (41-0)

Oct. 22—"An immovable object meets up with an irresistable force." (Where have I heard that before, Mr. Davis?) East vs. W.H.S. (0-0)

Oct. 29—Does black mean bad luck? (Ask Toellner.) Central took us. (13-0) (Thirteen is an unlucky number, isn't it?)

Nov. 10—"Ye olde actors" strut their stuff in some one-act plays. (Who booed back there?) No charge (Am I surprised?)





CALENDAR—Continued

Nov. 11—Armistice day—No School—The war stopped 14 years ago; it's going to start all over again this afternoon down at Monroe. (And was the skating good) (6-6)

Nov. 18—Musical program—The race is to see who gets finished first.

Nov. 24—Thanksgiving Day—Boy! Can I take it!

Nov. 30—The old "basket-ears" are out to string up Central. They got 'em. (15-14)

Dec. 2—Again our actors are out there fighting for their old "Alma Mater" (What does that mean, Mother?)

Dec. 3—G. S. C.—(Great Stuff (In) corpse rated) Leap Year Party. All the Beau Brummels were there. (including Hank Whitaker. I was there too.)

Dec. 9—"West is West and never the dames we'll meet." (Or words to that effect) West took us. (16-15)

Dec. 16—The boys go down to Edgerton to try their stuff. Pretty good stuff, too; they won. (20-17)

Dec. 17—Hi-Yde and handsome (Milward). The Hi-Y celebrate with a little "snake rassle." Quite an affair I hear.

Dec. 21—Thalia tosses a party—another gala event. And more important—no school for a while.

Dec. 23—Stoughton comes to the "Big City" to have a friendly little tussle; they went home disallusioned. (12-5)

Jan. 5—Back to the old grind. (Who Cares? I beg your stuff?)

Jan. 6—Took East in tonight. What-a-game. (18-14)

CALENDAR—Continued

Jan. 13—Wisconsin high at Watertown. Won the game, by George. (14-12)

Jan. 20—Another "Bisquit ball" game, and the old blue and white comes thru again against Fort. (26-17)

Jan. 27—The old cheese makers came down here. We "s(c)ent" 'em home. They didn't have a chance with butter at twenty cents a lb. (12-10)

Jan. 31—Just the end of another month.

Feb. 3—Edgerton comes down here. They went back again. I'm sorry we had to beat them, they had such a good-looking cheerleader. (28-10)

Feb. 4—Why must we have plays. (I was the hero in this one. Did they clap.) Score (0-0)

Feb. 7—Central again takes "De feet" at our hands. (Clever guy ain't he) (12-7)

Feb. 10—The boys go down to Stoughton. (Grinde got lost.) WE won. (28-13.) School plays (but not in basketball) on the stage. Good performance.

Feb. 11—The big night. The grand march. Bands playing. Yup, it's the Prom. (No this isn't the society column)

Feb. 17—The Watertown aggregation comes here. (Why don't they stay in there own backyard) They will after tonight. (17-9)

Feb. 22—Thank gosh. Washington had a birthday. I enjoyed the vacation even though I didn't get any cake.

Feb. 24—Fort comes here tonight. (What is this a game—it wasn't tonight.) (25-8)

Mar. 1—West entertains us there tonight. They weren't very good hosts; they beat us. (25-23)

Mar. 7—We show East the game of basketball. (32-17)

CALENDAR—Continued

Mar. 11—Vot vill (vaudeville) you have? I'm surprised at the talent in this school. (Me and Walter Winchell)

Mar. 17—Triaconta stages a few plays.

Mar. 21—Spring is here, tra-la-la-la. (brrrrrrr)

Mar. 31—The declamators get out today. (No, not kicked out)

Apr. 5—School out for Spring Recess. (Boy, did it rain)

Apr. 7—Beer. ('Snuff said)

Apr. 28—The Mikado. (Some of the chorus dolls in this school, you'd be surprised.)

Apr. 29—The Mikado. Again a success. (These play critics, tsch-)

May 5—Philomathia crashes thru with a tea. (And I wasn't invited)

May 6—Hi-Y party. I stayed away; Dave Milward sang. (Oh well)

May 12—Sophs have their big evening tonight.

May 19—Black checker-yellow chess—Oh yes! Red Domino have their meeting tonight. (Vas you dere Charley?)

May 27—Senior Class Play. The Torchbearer. (Directed by Noel Coward Benito Lees)

May 29—Blue Arrow yell low (get it) about painting the town red. (Where can I put green in there?)

June 1—The annual comes out. (Has it been hiding?)

June 2—My school daze is over for a while now.

June 9—I've finished my sentence now I guess I'll be leaving. (sob.) Here, here blow your nose on your handkerchief.)

Senior Class Prophecy

I was released from Sing Sing in 1953 after a twenty years imprisonment. During this time, I lost all family or outside connections and stepped into the world a man without destination. I had a desire to visit my old home town, Madison. However, I knew that my plight was well known and I was afraid that I might run into some of my old friends. I rationalized myself out of this fear, by my changed appearances, which I hoped would not be recognized. So I boarded train at Ossining for Madison (you see, I was still rather well off financially).

During the course of my stay at Madison I was to receive a series of startling surprises. My first came immediately upon my arrival; Madison had grown to be a great, teeming, commercial metropolis, the second largest city in the world.

Once at the square, I tried to find some sight that might bring back a memory of my childhood and adolescence. But I was greatly disappointed. Everything had changed. A great swirling mob brushed me along past great skyscrapers and mammoth stores. Suddenly a man accosted me. A battered hat was pulled over his eyes, eyes that were dulled by despair and wounded pride.

"Buddy," he pleaded, "can you spare a dime?"

Something about the firmness of the man's jaw struck a chord of recollection within me. "Mr. Ryan," I blurted out, "Mr. Ryan, can it be you?" The man shot a glance at me.

"Why," he stammered, "who are you?"

In realization of the fact that the man's condition was almost as debased as mine, I did not hesitate to let him know my identity. I took him into a restaurant and over my meal, I finally summoned enough courage to say, "Tell me, Mr. Ryan, how did it happen?"

He raised his eyes slowly. I could see that he was fighting to keep back the tears. "It was the student council," he explained. "They had a revolution. Coup d'etat, you know." He sighed sadly. "Oh well, I suppose it's just another case of a Frankenstein."

I left the unhappy man and resumed my stroll around the square. The brilliance of an enormous electric sign caught my eye. There, in great white letters, was the announcement, "RAYMOND HAHN AND KATHRYN MINER PLAYING IN JAMES JULIAN'S LATEST HIT—TOOT - TOOT - TOOTSIE, GOOD-BYE.'". My first impulse was to go backstage and greet my old friends. I stopped short when I remembered that I would probably be snubbed. I pulled my hat over my eyes and strolled wearily on.

"Extra, extra!" someone was shouting. "Big graft exposed." I bought a paper. As I handed the man my nickel, I scrutinized him closely. I knew then that he was David Anderson. I scanned the headline. There in great black, glaring letters it read, "THREE SENATORS EXPOSED IN GRAFT RING. Senators W. Straight Stafford, George S. Read, and Dr. R. Blakely ("Diogenes") Halpin caught in a connivance with John Tomkins, the great steel magnate." I glanced at the second page; there was a column "ON MIFFLIN STREET" by Henry Whitaker. The first line said, "Playboy Don Truax, the millionaire man-about-town, and Marian Bridgman, the season's smartest debutante, are whispering sweet nothings." Then another line caught my attention. "The Charles Jallings are painting the town a delicate shade of pink. Mrs. Jallings is remembered as being Rebecca Clark and Charles is well known as the best artist's model this side of the big water."

Right then a woman near me dropped a load of bundles. She had four small children with her, and I was quick to lend my assistance. As I handed her the bundles, she whispered hoarsely, "My Gawd, I've seen your face somewhere before."

I looked at her. "Elizabeth Fox," I cried, "how are you? I see by these that you are married. Who is the lucky man? Do I know him?"

"Why, yes," she said. "You know Melvin Chada. Poor fellow's out of work right now, but things are picking up. It's awfully hard with seven children, though."

I left the woman after a handshake and best wishes. I had not gone more than a half a block when I saw a crowd congregated on one of the steps of the Capitol. It seemed that they were all working men. To satisfy my curiosity, I crossed the street. A big bus with "Kaesar Transportation Company, Incorporated," labeled on the

side, almost bowled me over. When I had joined the crowd I saw that they were listening to a speaker. I managed to catch a few snatches of what he was saying.

". . . And we, the great middle class, the working group, the foundation of democracy, the backbone of the American nation, the foothold of the capitalists owe it to our country, to ourselves, to our families and to our God to rise with a majestic sweep—"

A man in blue overalls standing next to me was cheering at the top of his lungs after every sentence. He was also waving a great red banner. I turned to him. "Who," I asked, "is that speaker?"

"That's Ed Christianson, Communistic candidate for President," and cheering again, he yelled, "Horray! The President! Down with the capitalists! Let the working man govern! Look at those dirty senators; I always said Read was rotten.

While the fellow was waving his banner, I suddenly recognized him as no other than an old classmate, Dave Bradley. About that time, I began to feel thirsty. I noticed the words, "KREB'S TAVERN: FOOD AND DRINK FOR THE WEARY." Believing the proprietor was my old friend, I took this chance to patronize him. As I entered, I immediately recognized the bartender as Bob Johnson. I sauntered up to the bar and called for a bottle of beer. When it was handed me, I noticed that the label read, "LEVY'S SPECIAL OLD TIME BREW." While I was sampling this excellent product, the bartender walked up to me.

"Listen, buddy. Somewhere I've seen you before. I may be wrong, but didn't I go to high school with you?"

I saw that I had no alternative but to reveal my name. A conversation ensued. "I believe you know my wife," Johnson said. "Her name was Smith—Eleanor Smith."

Nothing had been said about my imprisonment, but, nevertheless, I breathed a sigh of relief when I left the tavern. I had not gone more than a half block, when an enormous car pulled up in front of G. FULLER'S DRESS SHOPPE. A gorgeous lady, ermine clothed, wearing great diamonds on her fingers and neck, and carrying a little Pekenese in her arm, stepped majectically from her car. I whispered to myself, "It must be Barbara Buckman. I'd recognize that red hair anywhere." Now she was speaking to her husband, Hugh Gillen.

"And now, Hughie dear, don't forget to see Dr. Arnold Clark about your cough; it really has me quite worried. Don't forget to get the new dog food for Fifi from the veterinarian; what's his name? Oh, yes! Reginald Salter! And don't forget to take poor Fifi out this time! You know you forgot her last time, and when I came home, she was so weak I nearly cried."

The grand lady and her husband parted and I glanced at the car. The chauffeur seemed to be in some sort of agony. I rushed to his assistance, and when I came closer I recognized the tremoring tenor, Dave Milward. Oh yes, he was only singing.

"Say, buddy, that's a nice buggy you're driving. What make is it?"

"This is a Wilkie Special, and you know, believe it or not, I used to go to Wisconsin High School with this bird Wilkie. He sure was a queer duck. You never would think he was going to amount to anything—alway's hanging around and thinking of women. Take me, for example; I never let them bother me. And look where I am?"

I finally managed to escape the fellow's chatter since I had no desire to be recognized. As I passed an empty store window a great placard in bold type greeted my eye. "'BABE' JUDAY AND JOHN (GHOST) ANDERSON, FAMOUS OLYMPIC STARS, IN PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT ORPHEUM HIPPODROME."

At this point my attention was diverted by two gentlemen rushing up to me. Both wanted to shine my shoes; the two could not decide who was to receive my patronage. Accordingly, a brawl ensued. I recognized the two bootblacks as Julian Grinde and Charles White. Grinde received the job, probably because he had the weight advantage. I was admiring the beautiful shine upon my shoes when it was all but effaced by a tall, gaunt man, dressed in black, and half hidden by the expanse of an umbrella.

'Oh, pardon me! Pardon me!" he panted. "I'm so sorry but I do have to hurry or I shall be late for my physics

class." He peered at me over the top of his spectacles and I knew that it was Paul Reinsch.

It was becoming dark and the great city was beginning to show its lights. Rain began to fall. Somewhere off in the maze of lights and haze of fog, I saw a great electric sign, "TONITE AT MADISON GARDENS—ROUGHHOUSE ROWLEY VS. TIGER TOELLNER—HEAVYWEIGHT WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD."

Three fellows, whom I recognized as Phil Rosien, Jack Wardle, and Walter Harrison, were standing grouped on a street corner. I approached them and feeling somewhat at home, introduced myself. They did not seem to show any antipathy toward me. I asked them what they were doing. They responded in one voice, "We're finishing high school this year."

I then asked them how to get to Wisconsin High as I wanted to visit my old Alma Mater. They directed me and I hailed a cab.

"University and Lorch St., please," I directed.

On the way I noticed a particularly robust officer whom I recognized as being Hugh O'Malley. I paid the driver and after three minutes of sputtering, he finally managed to evict a "Thank you." I knew then that it was Wayne Hunzicker.

The old school was gone. A great skyscraper stood in its place. As I stood there in the rain, the great city rushed past. Automobile horns, traffic whistles, trains, lights, voices. There in the mist where Wisconsin High had stood I seemed to see two airy shadows. They moved and yet stood still. They seemed some way to be eternally bound to the spot. One carried a broom, the other a pail. Could it be? Yes, it was. Mrs. Binger and Johnny!

A Flight

"Who was the Lady I saw you with last night?"

The speaker was seated on a soft restful piece of cloud. He moved his wings back and forth in a most contented manner, and the air currents which were effected carressed his cool face and moved the white, saintly garment which was wrapped about him. Beneath his feet and for as far as the eye could reach were rolling masses of cloud, and far behind the pair was a sight too beautiful to describe adequately; great sky-piercing temples and palatial monuments. They were tinted in fairy-like shades of blue and rose and white and silver, and once the eye was caught by the sight it was removed only with exceptional strength of will.

"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?" The curious one ventured again.

"Last night?"

"Yes, back in Chicago? Come, come."

"Oh, you mean that gangster's wife?"

"Oh, that's how it was. Some day you must tell me about it."

"There isn't much to tell. You see, I didn't know she was married. She never told me. I had a swell time till about twelve when somebody got wise and sent three or four of the boys around. They took me for a little ride in the park and—oh it was a lovely park, the prettiest green I've ever seen. Can't say I'm awfully stuck on this cloudy effect up here. Fella over at the house tells me it grows on you, though. Y'know like olives." He reached out a toe and kicked a hole in the cloud, the piece that had been in the hole floating lazily up into space.

"Yeah it does. But you were telling about your—"

"Oh yes. We were in this perfectly lovely park when the driver slowed down and I was shuffled off."

"You were what?"

"I was—they shuffled me off. One of the boys took an awful looking gun out of his pocket and plugged me. I can't tell you how scared I was. I mean I was frightened to death they were going to kill me, but here I am."

He got to his feet, stretched, flapped his wings, and soared in a wide circle around his companion, finally dropping back on to his tuft of vaper. The other had taken up his lyre and was strumming dreamily. The gentle cords and the far-away look in his eyes told that he was reminiscing.

"I wonder about that depression. They're issuing scrip money and—"

"Look!" The less relaxed one jumped to his feet and with outstreched arm pointed a shaking finger into the blue sky. "Look!" A serpentine affair was turning toward them.

"Oh, it's just another parade. They're always having 'em up here. Remember back in Chi they used to have parades on Washington's birthday? Well, you'll see 'em up here every day."

"I don't like it."

"You'll learn to. It's just like everything else they do here. This place without parades would be just as bad as the good old U. S. without football games. Why, they're the life of it."

"Say, I've seen that first fella somewhere. Oh, I know. He was a Frenchman, a—a general."

"Yeah, that's Napoleon all right, but what's bothering me is how he happens to be parading. He was eliminated in the semi-finals. A fella—they call him the Duke,—the Duke of Wellington,—he took him into camp this morning."

"That right!" His fear had left him and now he seemed to be highly excited as his mind began to visualize the possibilities of this new type of competition. Suddenly he swung on his partner. "Hey you. You wouldn't shovel any the garb of a pledge yourself, which means you haven't been here much more than a week. I wonder—"

"You catch on to things 'thout much trouble. You watch."

"Say, what's your name?"

"Cermak. What's yours?"

"Don't remember."

"No matter. C'mon let's get a bite to eat."

"What'll it be?"

"Angel food?"

"That'll be heavenly."

The two of them walked, skipped and glided along, finally reaching the varicolored pillars of the temples and disappearing through one of the numberless Gothic-arched doorways.

It was sometime later when they were again seated on the cloudy rests.

"Say, Burbank, or whatever your name is, I'm beginning to like this processional combat. How does a fella stand a chance of getting into competition?"

"Ha! There's only been one fellow up here who hasn't chosen to run. It's quite a trick. Y'see, this custom has been going on for years—or even hundreds of years—and things have gradually worked themselves into a sad state. Perhaps foremost of the adopted evils is the rule that only those who've been around for a hundred years or more are eligible to compete. The result is, of course, that thousands of worthy candidates are not allowed to take part."

"Then there's nothing I can do to get into things?"

There was an expression of bitter discontent on the countenance of the newly arrived one. He was thinking to himself: "In spite of all the advice of my earthly acquaintances to the contrary, I would come to this place."

"Oh, wait!" The other had been thumbing the goldedged leaves of a great leather-bound missal, and was now staring intently at one near the back. "Here's a hidden clause I never came upon before."

"Listen to me, you Dope. Again you talk as though you'd been here for ages. You're sure you're not—"

"I told you that it's easy to catch on to things. By tomorrow you'll be everything anyone else is. Of course you won't have the qualifications necessary to enter parade work. But I just came upon something here. In the amendments to the rules I find Section 3 of Article XVIII reading thus:

" 'The right of any spiritual citizen to compete in interangelic processional competition shall be denied by the Powers That Be when said citizen has been in our midst for a period of less than one century (earthly time)'

Section 4 follows: 'This amendment may be wholly disregarded in respect to any newcomer, so to speak, who is able to uncover scandalous facts pertaining to the earthly life of any parade competitors, in which case said newcomer may take the place of said competitor, the latter being immediately banished to warmer climes'."

"My pal! my pal! Now I'm remembering my name! Wait. Hmm. Rin Tin—no. Let's see. I've got it! I've got it. Winchell—that's it—Waldorf Astoria Winchell—First cousin to the illustrious Walter Winchell—and that's no dirt. Listen, fella, we're set. We're as good as marching now! I hereby dub you my first and mightiest drum major."

"Good heavens, man, are you out of your head? Speak up!"

"Cut it! Name a parade competitor. C'mon Hurry!"

"Why—er—Antony. Mark Antony."

"Okay,—Mark Antony. I'll get to work right away and we'll take over Mark's army tomorrow. Oh—we do get his army, don't we? The amendment read that the party of the second part replaced the party—."

"Yeah. The army goes into the hands of the new leader."

In ten seconds the drumming of their wings faded into the distance.

The day set for the finals of the tournament had arrived resplendent in the harmony of its color effects and the gentle restfulness of the frolicking breezes which caressed the faces of the angelic body of judges in the official stand. Thousands of glistening companies in parade had already floated past, and huge

entwined masses of unrolled scrolls nearly covered the judiciary, for the latter had been painstakingly noting its impressions as the panorama was revealed before it.

There had been aggregations in deep blue and gold, in eye compelling rose and gold, in soft greens, orchids, and shimmering silver. One company had filed by bedecked in saintly white, and nods of wholehearted approval had passed between the judges as they moved their gilt pens from side to side with even greater agility.

Several more received attention; and then came a long, weaving line in a solid, blinding, hot crimson. It proceeded very close to the officials, and to escape the discomfort of its sickening hue the judges drew together in a huddle, at the same time covering their eyes with their wings. They remained in this position shaking their heads and conversing in irritated tone till the thing had moved by. Then seemingly in accordance with common request, one of them rose to his feet. He drew a deep breath and shouted so that the heavens quaked.

"Hey you!"

The procession stopped, and two bewildered faces at the head of the crimson group were turned toward him.

"What?" they answered.

"Is that your work?"

"What?"

"That parade?"

"Yes."

"Well, do you know what you can do?"

"No. What?"

"You can go to Hell!"

Two horn-clad, red uniformed demons were seated side by side on two brand new brass andirons. They were poking at two little seething tongues of flame with two three-pronged pitch-forks when another firy demon walked up to them.

He was greeted with: "Don't we know you?"

"Huh huh."

"Your name's Mark Antony."

"Huh huh."

"You know, that was a helluva parade you left us."

"Huh huh."

"And isn't this a helluva place!"

—Finis—

The Last of The Tobin Runners

Larry Tobin was the youngest of six red-haired brothers, who lived in Avalon, California with their parents, and one sister. Each of the elder boy's college lives was spent down at Southern California, where they starred in track. It seemed to be a family trick to run the two-mile race and win it. It had been done so often that the event was becoming popularly known as "The Tobin Stretch," rather than by its real name.

The way the Tobin boys would win their races seemed to have been worked out in chronological order. It all happened like this: Kerry, the eldest had come down to the university to be a doctor. He did not go out for track until his junior year when the second eldest, Mike, had entered as a Freshmen. Mike had always wanted to be a runner and so Kerry came out too to keep the youngster company.

The next year when Mike had become eligible the two brothers were watched closely by the veteran track coach, Ben Merz. He figured out that in the two of them there was one good two-miler. He figured that if he could get them in good trim and teach them one thing or two, they'd win this event. So he layed a plan in which Mike would run like the devil for the first mile and then pull up to let Kerry win the race. His method was to have a fast pace led so as to worry and possibly tire the other runners out. This was tried out in the two dual meets held in preparation for the Western Coast Association final and met with success. It was used in the big meet too and Kerry dashed home to win a thrilling race. The papers talked up Kerry quite a lot but did not mention Mike at all. He was considered just an "also ran"!

The next year Kerry had graduated and with Thomas, the third brother, only a freshman, Mike was all alone in competition and not having the endurance to run the race to win alone he was considered just another fair two-miler.

Then the following term Tom was eligible and so old Ben Merz figured he'd use the same trick and so that year Mike reaped his glory while Tom did all the fighting.

And so it went on. The first year one of them would work hard while another would win. The next year he would be just another Two-miler. But in his senior term with the next kid brother doing the work he'd win his race. When Mike graduated Joe was a freshman and in his second year helped Tom get his glory. And Sean came to school the year Tom graduated.

Larry had come down the year Joe was through and the same year Sean was suffering from the malady of being "just another two-miler"!

Larry was already thinking about this two-mile business. It was unfair, Larry thought. The way it would work out, he knew, was that in his sophomore

year he'd go out and slave in three races just so Sean could win. The worst of it was that he had no kid brother who could come out and help him. All he had was a seventeen year old sister. A lot of good she was, he thought. "Nuts", was his only comment, "Why wasn't she a boy?"

Larry had made up his mind. He'd work very hard and next year he'd run the first two races so Sean could win. But he was darned if he'd help any in the big meet. He'd make Sean race him to win the coast title. In the spring of his sophomore year Larry often beat Sean in the time trials, so often, in fact, that Ben Merz began to notice and worry. He was beginning to think Larry the better runner, and that he should be used to run the race to win, instead of Sean. But on the other hand Merz could not go back on his promise to Dad Tobin, who had regulated the sons entrances into school so that the plan originally coined out by Merz could be fulfilled. So with a sigh he dismissed it from his mind.

The dual meets with Washington and Oregon were both won by Southern California and the team was working hard now in hopes of winning another coast title.

Larry had run the first two races just as Merz had directed and Sean had won them both. The coast papers were full of it now and the brother act was talked up plenty. Larry would read these reports in the seclusion of his room and he'd throw down the paper in disgust, swearing softly and sometimes not so softly. "They don't ever stop to think what will happen to me when I'm a senior! I wish Mary Ellen was a boy instead of a girl. Then she could help me —Nuts! I don't like girls anyway."

An enormous crowd had come to see the races this year, some of them coming to see Southern California win and some of them coming to see the Tobin boys perform. The idea of using teamwork to win the longer races was not uncommon on the west coast and this point alone always drew great crowds.

Events began to be run off. Larry sat in the dugout next to his brother, and neither of them spoke. He wondered if any of the other men around them, knowing his time to be the best, thought he ought to be the man to try to win. Well, he'd show 'em.

The announcer through his big megaphones called out that those entered in the two mile should report to the judges stand. Sean and Larry got off the bench and ran out. A big hand greeted them. They were popular, these brothers, and could boast of many fans. They were met on the track by Merz, Dad Tobin, Mary Ellen, and the four older brothers. Now the crowd burst into a huge roar, for the sight of all those red-haired and rosy cheeked merry people was a funny sight. "Nuts", murmered Larry as the crowd cheered. "Nuts", he said as he looked over at Mary Ellen. "Why aren't you a boy"?

The starter called them over and they drew numbers to see what lane they would run in. Larry drew number two and Sean got lane seven. Larry smiled,

ever so little, as he bent down to dig his holes. He'd run Sean's pants off, and he hoped it would be embarrassing.

Larry's plan was to start a little slower then usual so that he might save his wind for that last hectic sprint at the finish. But he'd have to lead the pack a few yards anyway, so that Sean would think everything was going all right.

They crouched and waited for the gun. In the silence of three or four seconds that is always an eternity, Larry looked down the line and spotted the family sitting right near the bend. He looked at his sister. "You won't have to be a boy. I'm winning this race without any help."

The bark of the gun sounded and the runners were off. Larry took the position of last in that first group of pace-setters. He wasn't going to tire himself out.

As Larry rounded the first bend where the family sat, he heard Mike, who ran for Kerry as the first sacrificer, yell to him to step on it, as he was doing Sean no good the way he was running now. But Larry wasn't caring about Sean all he had on his mind was how he could preserve his strength for the final half. He remembered how he had always pulled up early in the other races and had very seldom finished in anything more than a walk. He hoped he could hold out all right.

Without looking up Sean began to sense something wrong. Others in the last pack at about this spot in a race, usually began to spurt and close, spurt and close, as if undecided as to whether the boys up in front were going to make a race to the finish of it or not. But he wasn't noticing anything like that today. He looked up and saw Larry still loping along in sixth position. "He's rattled or else he's playing another game," thought Sean. When a runner is tiring his head rolls from side to side. Larry was running as quiet and straight as an arrow, Sean noticed.

"Well", murmured Sean, "If he's forgotten how to run the race I'll make a try now of overhauling the pack. Lord! They all seem easy today. Usually by now Larry has got 'em worried goofy."

A general shifting of speed moved through the pack as Sean began his faster stride. After another turn around the track the first runners, except Larry had pulled aside and were slowing down. This left Larry leading the group who normally were the ones to fight for the finish. Everyone was travelling fast now. Those who had loped at first were hitting up an awful clip because they had been saving themselves.

Larry's brothers up in the stands were looking down with empty faces. Larry wasn't playing the game by not doing what was regular. Then on the other hand they could see how Larry was feeling about not having anyone to help him someday. But he might not be able to stand the gaff today, they concluded.

And they were right. The small amount of fast running he had done at the beginning of the race was telling on him. His head was shaky, he let it fly back and roll, truly showing that he was almost giving his last drop of energy. He hit the cinders hard. He heard through the loudspeaker the voice of the announcer calling out, "Larry Tobin leading, ladies and gentlemen, Sean Tobin second and Albricht of Washington State third. The leader is being overhauled fast now."

Larry heard the steps behind him coming closer. He sensed the one on his outside as being Sean and the one behind him as Albricht. All three men were giving everything they had now. Larry realized that he did not have enough wind left to win. He'd just barely get there, he knew. He was dizzy. He thought he would race it out, but did not know if he could do it. They were within two hundred yards of the finish now and the runners were in the same positions. Things were going through Larry's mind so fast that he could not keep track of them. But two ideas stuck out from all the rest like two enormous sore thumbs. He could do one of them only. He hadn't been fair to Sean. He could hear him now and he was puffing pretty hard too. He heard Albricht's step's failing and they were becoming heavier. By stepping over to the right he could block off Sean, and if Albricht's steps were really failing he might be able to run on himself and win. He might also step over to the left and get on the pole position and block off Albricht, thus insuring a victory for Sean. He hated like the devil, though, to fold up at the finish after working as hard as he had.

He couldn't get the fact out of his head that he had not been playing fair to Sean who was a senior and running his last race. He didn't know, he couldn't make up his mind. All he knew now was that he could go no further, and would have to give up. He'd have to do it, he couldn't get away from it. Instinctively he moved over and then lost consciousness.

He felt himself hit the cinders with thud, not quite over the finish line. The crowd was cheering. Looking up he saw Sean and that runner from Washington lying on the ground in front of him, rapt in each other's embraces. From the incoherent and breathless words that they were speaking, Larry couldn't make out which was congratulating the other. Then the realization came to him. He broke out in a new sweat. He was in agony, and was afraid. Sean was turning toward him now. Larry wanted to die. Sean was pulling himself over the ground toward him. It was awful. Larry began to cry. He was crying like a baby. O Lord; If he could only remember to which side he had turned.

—H. O'Malley.

Any Port

A lone figure sat in the stern of a little boat, one hand on the steering-wheel and the other engaged in filling a short pipe. The steady throb of the engine drove the little swordfishing boat on a straight course north. Two days and a night the fisherman had spent cruising around out of sight of land trying to get a swordfish. But the luck had been poor and now he was returning home emptyhanded. The yellow streak on the horizon he recognized as "No Man's Land," a little island, and he knew that he wasn't far from home. Behind him and to the south-east large black clouds were rolling and piling, one upon another but the fisherman was not disturbed. He knew that he would be anchored safe in the little harbor before the worst of the storm hit. Nevertheless he didn't relish being caught in a wild sow'easter in a little swordfishing boat, forty feet overall and twelve feet in beam.

He pulled meditativly on his stump of a pipe and mused, "Funny how rotten swordfishin' is gittin'. Go a thousand mile an' ya might not raise a fin. Somethin' must be wrong. Climate or somethin'. Feeding grounds shifted mebby. I wonder what it is? Why in the old days I could hardly hist anchor without runnin' afoul of a sword. Darned funny that."

The brilliantly colored bluffs of "Gay Head" were just rising out of the ocean to the north. The sea was glassy calm as is usually true just before a storm, with only a slow undulation of the surface making the reflected sunlight ooze protoplasmically from one shape to another. The very tranquillity of everything gave the impression of tenseness and stored-up potential power. The skipper sat in the stern of his little craft and tho his position was restful it was not lazy or careless. He continually scanned the ocean all about. As he was slowly refilling his pipe his restless gaze was suddenly riveted to a black speck on the shimmering surface of the sea. Instantly he spun the helm and headed for the place where he had seen the black speck. After slowing down the engine he ran forward along the deck to the mast. Clambering up the shrouds he soon reached the crosstrees near the masthead. While still some distance away the fisherman could make out the two fins, one large and one small, which cut the surface. By the distance between the fins he could see that the swordfish was well above the average in size.

"Gawd!" he muttered, "it must be two of 'em. No one sword could ha' that distance between fins. Close ter a fathom, I'll wager. Young whale which has sprouted a dorsal fin, mebby." The seaman looked anxiously at the pyramid of black tossing clouds. Would he have time before the storm hit? Would he be caught in a howling sow'easter? Could he run the risk? Then he looked at the unsuspecting giant swordfish basking in the sun at the surface. No! It was too good a chance to miss. He would try to strike the fish and trust to luck to come thru all right. Chances like this come once in a lifetime and he wasn't going to let it slip by just because of a little breeze.

He slid quickly down the bow stay to the long overhanging bowsprit and placed himself in the pulpit at the end. Here was fixed another steering wheel. He looked over the long harpoon, saw that the point was firmly fixed on. Next he made sure that the harpoon was well secured to the fifty fathoms of rope wound around the barrel that stood on the deck. Taking the long spear in both hands, he leaned way out over the water. The long blue-black shape was clearly visible in the calm sparkling water. As the long bowsprit moved over the swordfish, the skipper grasped the harpoon more firmly, raised it up and breathed a silent prayer. For an instant all was motionless. Then down plunged the harpoon. Instantly the water was churned into foam and the barrel jerked off the deck. Under the boat it bumped. It reappeared some moments later a good distance from the boat, and was then towed along the surface at a great rate, throwing spray high in the air. Again it disappeared and when it once more bobbed on the surface it was almost motionless. The fisherman held his breath. Had he lost his great swordfish? Suddenly the surface was shattered like a bomb as the sword hurled itself into the air in a cloud of spray. Then with a tremendous splash he disappeared again taking with him the barrel.

For more than an hour the fight went on with the barrel remaining on the surface longer all the time. Finally the seaman got the barrel. Again there was a struggle but the fish was getting decidedly weaker. At last the sleek blue-black body lay on the surface alongside the boat, with the fins feebly offering protest. A few quick jabs with the lance and all was quiet.

The swordfisherman straightened up and wiped the blood off his face. During the excitment he had paid little attention to the approaching storm. He saw the black clouds rolling and tumbling almost above him as tho they were going to swoop down and engulf him. The first few warning puffs were slithering across the water, leaving streaks of foam on the rippling surface.

There was no time to waste. The swordfish must be gotten into the cockpit before the storm broke. The fisherman lost no time; he knew just what to do. He swung the boom out over the water. Then he slipped two ropes under the fish, tied them securely, and fastened each to the boom. Next he hoisted the sail and waited for a squall. When the puff came he jibed the boat over. There was a creaking of the mast, a straining of the ropes but finally the great swordfish tumbled into the cockpit. The sail was immediately lowered and the boat swung off for No Man's Land.

The skipper looked at the sixteen feet of plump, sleek swordfish and swore under his breath that he had never seen so large a one. But this was no time to gaze proudly at his prize and the fisherman knew it. Quickly he battened down the hatch, tied up the sail, made everything fast, and tied down the swordfish so that it would not slide around. No Man's Land was still far away and he knew that he would have to fight all the way there.

The squall hit hard soon after. The wind rose steadily and it began to rain. The sun was blotted out; everything took on a ghastly purplish hue. For an hour man and the elements fought but the elements kept getting more powerful all the time. The wind had become a hurricane and came in terrific puffs. At times it seemed as tho it would carry away the rigging. The rain fell in sheets while the ocean heaved and writhed like a live thing. The wind whipped the tops of the mountainous waves into seething streaks of cotton scudding across the sea. And thru it all the skipper guided his little craft; tossed like a chip and sometimes almost swamped they fought their way onward. Often a large green wave would break over the deck and wash aft over the full length of the ship.

Suddenly, as a large wave swept across the deck and in the cockpit, the ropes, which lashed down the swordfish, parted, and the great body was free to slide from side to side with the motion of the ship. It seemed to the seaman, as the body came crashing across the cockpit toward him, that the swordfish was alive again and setting out for revenge.

The situation was critical. With the deck heaving and jumping the way it was the swordfish could not be secured again. Yet if the fish were left to freely slide and smash around in the cockpit any amount of damage might occur. As the large sword slid forward it crashed into the heavy box which covered the engine. Altho the box withstood the shock the skipper readily saw that it would not survive many such blows. If the engine were uncovered the water would soon stop it. Without headway the rudder would be useless; the little craft would be at the mercy of the storm, to be quickly swamped and sunk. All this the skipper saw in an instant. The great swordfish must be either secured or gotten over the side. Evidently it couldn't be secured, for it never stayed in one position two seconds, so it must be gotten rid of some way. But how? Cut a hole in the gunwale? With what? He had no ax and the gunwale was solidly built. No that would not work. Hoist the sail? Not in this breeze. It would be suicide. The seaman cursed the swordfish which he had fought so hard to get and which was now endangering his life. He cursed the storm; he cursed everything, including himself, long and fluently. But cursing would not save the situation. The swordfish was again sliding forward; again the engine box creaked and groaned, but this time a large crack opened up on the top. The fisherman jumped forward. He would chance raising the sail, tho he knew his chances for surviving were pretty slim. Never-the-less if he did nothing he would never reach dry land and he preferred to die fighting at least.

After lashing the steering wheel he tied one end of two ropes around the fish and the other end around the boom, in a fashion similar to that of bringing the swordfish into the cockpit. Then he shot the boat into the wind. Waves were continually breaking over the bow and rushing aft the full length of the vessel. One moment the ship would be standing on its head, the long bowsprit under-

water, and the propeller whirring in the air. The next instant the boat would rear back with a shower of spray, and the bowsprit would poke a hole in the sky.

As a momentary lull came the fisherman broke out the sail and hoisted it par way. The canvas whipped and snapped with the roar of a cannon.

The skipper then turned the helm down. As the sail caught the wind it billowed like a large balloon. Over on its side went the ship; water poured in at the lee rail; the mast bent like a whip and the whole boat plunged and groaned. For one awful moment the ship lay over so far that the lee shrouds were wet half way up the mast. The skipper prayed that the boat would come up again and he cursed the swordfish for not going over the side.

Then—, as a large wave almost buried the little ship,—the mast snapped with a rending crash, and mast, shrouds, bowsprit, sail and swordfish all disappeared over the side. The skipper spun the wheel. The boat shook; then, doffing its mantle of water and heaving spray like a breaching whale, it struggled to an even keel, free at last and safe.

The engine had miraculously kept running, and the skipper, breathing a prayer of thanks, swung his sturdy little ship off for No Man's Land.

—D. Bradley.

Mirage

For years I have wanted her
With a great desire.
The thought of her has in me kindled
A flame of sacred fire.

She is graceful in her walk,
And imperially slim.
She impresses me as being
A soft appealing hymn.

Clean in body; clean in soul;
Immaculate in her thought—
In fact she is all in womanhood
That man has always sought.

But fate to me has been so mean,
For she's a girl I've never seen.

Punk Poetry

Lives of football men remind us
We should strive to win the race,
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the rival's face.

'Twas amateur night at the Opera House,
"Robinson Crusoe," was the play;
A hurricane swept across the stage,
And blew the cast-away.

It's a wonderful thing for women
The popular permanent wave,
Now it's up to some struggling inventor
To invent a permanent shave.

After the game is over,
After the field is clear,
Straighten my arm and shoulder.
And help me find my ear.

Puzzled

It's often said one's not to be
A square peg in a round hole;
And everybody's told to find
A work that suits his soul.

Some people are square pegs,
Others are quite round;
They can always find a job
That's practical and sound.

But I have looked at every job,
None of them invite;
I fear that I shall never find
A place that fits me tight.

SENIOR CLASS OBITUARIES

Name	Cause of Death	Dying Words	Bequest
Albert Anderson	Cranking his "Pierce Arrow."	"Either that or a ham sandwich."	His girl-friend from Lodi to Dean Hunzicker.
David Anderson	Two night at the Monroe Tournament.	"Raise ya ten."	His marked deck to the Memorial Union.
John Anderson	10 nites in a barroom.	"Can't you do something to make me laugh?"	His stoopnocrat pin to Billy Kelly.
Nancy Ann Baldwin	Too much hard work for nothing.	(Too worn out to speak.)	Her voice to Roland Sundt.
David Bradley	Died on the Jump.	"Then I drew my Snicker-snee."	His cap with the sun-visor to Beverly.
Marian Bridgman	Composure.	"Oh how darling!"	Her daintiness to Uta Hagen.
Ralph Brown	Walking the R. R. tracks.	"Choo! Choo!"	His brains to John Werner.
Barbara Buckman	Too much Tomfoolery.	"Tom, Dick and Harry."	Her estate to the University of Wisconsin Henna-ry.
Frank Burrell	Mechanical Drawing.	"Oh, wouldn't it be awful."	His Math papers to Keith Carter.
Melvin Chada	Chasing baby bandits.	"Open the portals of Stoopnocracy."	His bad knee to the housemaids.
Beth Chambers	Trying to please.	"I wish I could."	A few inches to Dan Turner.
Ed Christianson	Trying to pole-vault.	"Another nickel Alma!"	His size to Miss Weber.
Arnold Clark	Trying to be Rubinoff.	"I played second fiddle to the Czar."	His pecuniary estate to Mary Juday.
Rebecca Clark	At sea.	"Well, I guess I'm Dunne for."	Her will was lost with the ship.
Jennie Cuccia	Over-work.	"Nize Baby."	Her copy of Milt Gross to Mr. Claxton.
Elizabeth Fox	Ping-pong.	"When Johnny comes marching home again."	Her "Will" to the medical school.
Gordon Fuller	A Miner ailment.	"Hope you like it."	His pew in the Congo to John Woy.
Paul Fuss	Reading "Nonsense Novels."	"It's legal to burp now."	His wavy hir to Frank Hahn.
Hugh Gillen	Making posters for Mr. Claxton.	"You're getting to be a habit with me."	His horn-rimmed glasses to Wilfred Chesemore.

Name	Cause of Death	Dying Words	Bequest
Murray Gould	Mrs. Voss and her theorems.	"Right away dear."	His alluring personality to Bob Sakrison.
Merlin Graul	A faulty harem.	"Bring back beer."	A bottle of Old Heidleberg to Mary Belle Wilkie.
Vivian Grebler	Too many boy-friends from New York.	"He writes such cute letters."	A trip to New York to Thelma Kaplan.
Julian Grinde	West High basketball games.	"So what!?!"	His stature to Johnny Haak.
Ray Hahn	One act plays.	"Righto!"	His acting ability to Hoot Gibson.
Robert Halpin	Trying to be business-like.	"You're wanted in the office."	His office job to Mr. Ryan.
Walter Harrison	Getting a double for Milward.	"Now how do I look?"	His kite to Elizabeth Sanders.
Elizabeth Heggen	Struck by (en)lightning.	Struck dumb.	No will made.
Perry Hibma	Boredom.	"Mrs Voss—I don't understand that proposition at all."	His Blue Touring to Arden Larson.
Wayne Hunzicker	Died Stark mad.	"O-o-o-o-o-ow!"	His pole-vaulting ability to Ivar Torkelson.
Charles Jallings	Miss Ruth Johnson's history assignments.	"Got your outline done yet?"	That seat in Math class to Emil.
Katherine James	Music.	"I'd be glad to help."	Her individuality to her best friend.
June Jirtle	Jealousy.	"Silence is golden."	Her black hair to "The Mikado."
Robert Johnson	Trying to be tough.	"Let me at him."	His good tember to Harry Wardle
Mary Juday	Junior Hunt Club.	"Giddap!"	Her clinic appointments to Malcolm Cole.
James Julian	Swimming.	"Blub."	His comb to Bud Dollard.
George Kaesar	Shot for a duck.	"But—Mr. Hinderman——."	His piston to the Mechanical Drawing Class.
Kenneth Krebs	Making dynamite bombs.	"I'll say so."	His profile to Frankenstein.
Herbert Levy	Seeing Miss Lathrop.	"I didn't do it."	His English to the Eskimos.
David Milward	Working for a new date.	"Whew! If this isn't another hot date."	His phone list to Henry Hackbarth.
Katherine Miner	Playing Ping-pong with Ums.	"I like Hollywood better."	Nothing left to bequeath.

Name	Cause of Death	Dying Words	Bequest
Gerald Morrison	Playing fireman.	"We don't come to town very often, but when we do—."	His choo-choo train to Charles Marshall.
James Nelson	Popularity.	"I'll never live thru it."	His strut to airplanes.
Hugh O'Malley	Too much good hard work on the Annual.	"When you and I were young Maggie."	The Annual to the Wisconsin High School.
George Read	Crushed under a load of books.	"Where'll I find a word for this?"	His vocabulary to Ardith Lindsay.
Paul Riensch	Irritating Einstein.	"I hate women."	His diminutive figure to Bill Swenson.
Betty Riley	Died of a crush at South Milwaukee.	"Will you stop at the doctor's office with me?"	An orchid to her class.
Philip Rosien	Helping Wardle feed the monkey.	"Just call me 'Scab'."	His balance and rhythm to Mr. Claxton.
Alden Rowley	Trying to count his fouls in Intramural basketball.	"Do unto others what they can't do back at you."	His ineligibility to Dona Mae Batty.
Derald Ruttenberg	Strangled by Uncle Dudley.	"Oh heavens; parenthetically speaking."	That light tan suit to the museum.
Reginald Salter	Waiting for the track-men to come in.	(No words, he died while sleeping.)	His Duesenberg 84 to Betty Hunter.
Eleanor Smith	Electrocuted by a "live wire."	"It wasn't as much of a shock as you might think."	Her estate consigned to the flames.
Patricia Smith	Sitting on a thumb-tack.	"Oh! Thank you, sir."	Her indifference to Jerry Felt.
Willard Stafford	Fox-hunting.	"I . . . I . . . I . . ."	His superiority to the faculty.
Gordon Teague	He just died.	(See cause of death.)	(ditto.)
Reginald Terwilliger	Teaching Rippe how to play Oregon's basketball.	"I'm from Oregon."	His schnozzle to Jimmy Durante.
Richard Toellner	Running 73 yards in the Central game.	"Central's negroes are my jinx."	His football ability to H. (Red) Grange.
John Tompkins	Died of a swelled (broad) head.	"Farewell to arms."	His manager's W to "Cherub."
Donald Truax	H_2O on the big toe.	"Rain, rain go away little Donnie wants to play."	His pipe to Leroy, Jr.
James Vaughn	A pipe burst in the organ.	"Where is my wandering harem tonight?"	His hair grease to Glenn Frank, Jr.

Name	Cause of Death	Dying Words	Bequest
Frances Wardle	Punning.	"I won't pass out until the bell rings."	Her ticket to the prize fight to Ducky.
Jack Wardle	Feeding the monkey in the zoo.	"Pucky want a peanut?"	His hair to Mrs. Voss.
Henry Whitaker	That valedictory speech.	"Some Babe."	His puns to Miss Guyles.
Charles White	Hospital nurses.	"Oh heavens!"	His perfect hair to Joe Bradley.
Mac Wilkie	Hoss' trumpet.	"Oh heavens, here is Gabriel with a trumpet."	His dramatic ability to the Senior Class Play.
Andrea Wolff	The Library.	"Oh, how plain."	Her wardrobe to Virginia Bowden.

Satire

Senior Recognition Test

Prepared by Luffenhiemer and Blatz, B.A., D.R., S.O.S.

Professors of Misogny and Astraphobia. Colleagues at the Massachusetts Institute for the Undernourished.

Note: As you are going out into the world to scratch for yourself you will be required to use your own brains—unless you enter congress or become a school teacher—so we decided that it would be a good idea to test the grey matter that you have collected throughout these (3, 4, 5, 6,—check one) years of high school.

Now grab off a parchment of paper from the girl behind you and borrow a pencil from the teacher. Ready? Let's go.

Section I—General Questions

1. Tell all you know in not more than one word, in five words, in seven and a half.
2. How long is a piece of shore line? When?
2. How long has "Puck" Wardle been in school? If you can't remember that far back make a fair estimate.
4. Do they satisfy? When?

Section II—Hibernology, Diamoialogy, Diaphanoscopy

Case 1

Once there was a student who went to a dance every Friday night, owned a raccoon coat, spent his Christmas vacations in California, supported a Lincoln, and still had enough money at the end of the year to buy his best girl a soda. How? Check one.

1. He sold annuals.
2. He was class treasurer.
3. He saved three dollars a year on his toothpaste.

Case 2

Once there was a student who brought his first egg sandwiches to school every day, never went to a movie without the whole family, didn't smoke, gamble, swear or chew gum. Choose the reason you think most suitable to his case.

1. He broke his leg playing ping-pong.
2. He didn't like apple pie because his father was president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Dumb Vegetables.
3. His name was Archibald.

STOP! ! !

Now tear up your paper and throw it in the waste basket.

Miss Weber (in Biology): "Don, do you sleep with your window open?"
Don Truax: "No, just my mouth."

History of Wisconsin High

In the year 1869 B.P. (before prohibition or plumbing) there was a lull in the street cleaning profession of Chicago. So Mr. W.H.S. (we don't like to publish names so we will call him Wiscy for short), one of the best street cleaners (or community welfare workers, as he called himself) that ever pushed a broom, was thrown out of employment by that horrible menace, technocracy. All he had left in the world was a horse, his street cleaning cart, and a small bottle which contained a liquid now known as Listerine. So he decided to up and away to the Northern Wilds that had beckoned to many young men of the day.

We next find Wiscy driving his horse and cart on a dark night through the expanses of what is now Westport headed for the great metropolis of Madison. But as he was gliding over a deer path, in high spirits, he suddenly burst in upon a group of two or seven Indians that were seated around a campfire. The Indians being as surprised as Wiscy at this interruption, all stood up in much confusion, except their chief, Sitting Bull. "Get that guy he ain't one of us," yelled one of the warriors in high falsetto. "Throw him out," cried Sitting Bull's son.

But the excitement soon died down when the chief had killed Wiscy's bottle of Listerine. After this the chief thought that Wiscy was such a good fellow that he swore him into the tribe and commanded him to tell a story for the amusement of the outfit. So this is the story that Wiscy related:

It was a dark night without. Three men were sitting around a campfire. The captain said to the first man, "Jake, tell us a story." And this is the story that Jake told.

It was a dark night without. Three men were sitting around a campfire. The captain said to the first man, "Pete, tell us a story." And this is the story that Pete told.

It was a dark night without. Three men were sitting around a campfire. The captain said to the first man, "Oscar, tell us a story." And this is the story that Oscar told.

After our dear friend Wiscy had repeated this famous story about three hundred times all the tribe except the stenographer had fallen into a deep sleep.

Three days later when the tribe came out of the trance, they found Wiscy playing "scissors, rock, and paper" with the fair stenographer. She being a comely maiden, attracted him not a little. But alas and alack, she was already betrothed to Shooting Bull, the ravenlocked son of the chief. What was to be done in a case like this? This was the gigantic problem that lay before our hero.

After pondering over this question for several hours, Wiscy decided that the best and only way out of it was to end it all. So he exclaimed, "Egad! Egad! The River!" and jumped into Lake Mendota, went down three times came up four times and again exclaimed, "Egad, I'm so ignorant that I must start a school."

However, the Indians had become so fond of Wiscy that they gave him an honorable burial in the grave by the shores of the lake—and it is on this spot, dear children, that this institution, planned by the noble pioneer, was built as a monument to this unselfish and noble pioneer, whose undying spirit is still embodied in this school.

Faculty All-Stars Swing Into Action Again After Long Rest

NOTE: Please do not become alarmed if a few of the details of the game do not coincide with your knowledge of it.

Pings to the left of me, pongs to the right of me, teachers in front of me swinging and puffing. You've guessed it, it was one of those hard, driving, full of action, ping-pong games between the Faculty All-Stars and the County Jail Lock-Pickers. The All-Stars opened up an offensive attack that burned the stripes off the Lock-Pickers uniforms. Time was taken out while asbestos suits were being rushed from the mother institution, Sing Sing. The uniforms incidently were furnished by the ever active alumni. After the brief time out period, of which I do not know the exact duration, because the timers went to sleep and forgot to wind their watches, the game was resumed. The score at this juncture was 99 to 98, and I am sorry to say that the All-Stars were on the short end. At this point however, Coach "Ping" Ryan pulled a strategic play. He substituted Roaring Rawhide Russell Rippe from Ripon, who had never seen action until this time, for the fast tiring, but never say die, "Backhand" Burr. This slashing, dashing, crashing, Mr. Rippe, (Russ to us guys of the press) went into the fracas and gained the two points necessary to win the game before the Lock-Pickers could score. I think I would be safe in saying that he literally ate up a game that he had never played before. In fact he is in the hospital now with several undigested ping-pong balls and sandpapered paddles in his mid-section.

With the conclusion of this game the Faculty All-Stars ping-pong season is ended. They came through this rough, grueling season winning 1 game and losing ½ game. The ½ game was chalked up against them by the fast Barber College aggregation. This unforgetable game was halted at the half after "Stretch" Weber, a star of last years All-Faculty basketball team, had broken 19 paddles. It was considered unwise, by the board of directors, who held a hurried meeting, to continue this game because they feared that if too many paddles were broken the budget would not balance and the club would be in the red.

Following, is a list of the Faculty All-Star who took an active part in this successful season.

"Backhand" Burr----------1st Server*
"Stretch" Weber----------2nd Server*
R.R.R. Rippe from Ripon----------3rd Server*
"Forehand" Hoard----------4th Server*
"Ping" Ryan----------Coach
"Pong" Faster----------Team Stenographer
"Retriever" Hartung----------Lost Ball Finder

*This is not the order in which they served at Leavenworth.

Dick T. (to Stafford): "If he socked you, why didn't you sock him back?"
Stafford: "Then it would have been his turn again."

A Book Report

Montgomery Ward's Catalog

Coming as a fitting sequel to the famous preceding volume, "The Telephone Book" and the "Dictionary," this book takes its rightful place among the epics of American Literature. Edition after edition has been poured forth from the press to be devoured by the reading public. Truly, it is a book for the masses. It depicts every stage of life from the cradle to the grave; there being an especially good section on tombstones.

The illustrations are apt and attentive to minute details. Take for example, this description of a tombstone.

"Tombstone No. 58062795B. North Dakota marble. 3x4x2. With or without inscriptions."

How vivid a picture this is of a tombstone. We can feel the author appraising it with his microscopic eye. So real is this description that it makes us sleepy.

This masterpiece is also very colorful and appeals to the taste of every member of the family. The pictures make fine cut-outs for the baby; little brother can use the paper as slugs for his rubber band pistol; sister thinks Montgomery Ward paper is especially good for curling the hair since she has started to let it grow again, and we have father's absolute word that for starting a fire on a cold morning the catalog has no equal.

Without a doubt the literature of this noble catalog is very heavy. In fact, the entire book is loaded with such weighty material that the volumne serves as an excellent weapon for indignant housewives and hot-tempered teachers. The lover of sleep cannot get along without having one or two catalogs under the covers ready to throw at the alarm clock, the screeching cats, or the snakes in the room.

After all the Montgomery catalog is positively invaluable. Four out of five have it and the fifth knows where to send for it.

Gentle readers, have you a little catalog in your home?

People who live in glass houses might as well answer the doorbell.

Mr. Phillips: "Who can tell me the size of the American navy?"
Mac W.: "I can sir, but I won't."
Mr. Phillips: "Why not?"
Mac W.: "You might be a German spy."

Mrs. Rector: "You should pause there, don't you see it's marked rest?"
Barb S.: "Yes, but I'm not tired yet."

The Engravings in this annual
were manufactured in
the plant of the
Brock Engraving Company

School Annual Division

The BROCK ENGRAVING COMPANY

Madison, Wisconsin

MAYER PRINTING CO.
117 S. Webster St. Phone: F-364
MADISON, WISCONSIN

High Class Printers of Annuals

THE 1933 WISCONSIN

MADISON

HENRY WHITAKER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HUGH O'MALLEY
BUSINESS MANAGER

May 23, 1933

The Photoart House
413 State Street
Madison, Wisconsin

Gentlemen:

The "1933 Wisconsin" was sent to press this week and at last there is time to rest and to think of the organizations which have willingly given their prompt attention to our every need. We deeply appreciate your excellent service to us throughout the entire year. With your aid, it was a pleasure to make the Senior section which represents some very fine photography. The biggest improvement which was accomplished through your service was that the group pictures have a formal appearance, something which is entirely new.

With these facts in mind, we want to thank you for your assistance in the editing of this Annual.

Respectfully yours,

H. C. Whitaker
Editor in Chief

Hugh O'Malley
Business Manager

Jeanne Kolb
Ruth Chesemore
Esther Marsh
Clare Schwarztrauber
Wilma Morris
Calvin Royston
Bill Jones
Ed Agner
Betty Jane Pratt
Junior Strong
Bunny Mackinnon
Virginia Bowden
Laura B. Johnson
Marguerite Wittgenstein
MEW

FINIS

THE 1933

WISCONSIN